JOHN BULL, week ending June 10, 1944

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1982

3d EVERY THURSDAY

**UNITY -NOW AND AFTER** by the EDITOR

**SUMMER 1944** by SWAFFER

**WHAT PLANS FOR GERMANY?** by A.G.G.

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# FOOD FACTS

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Are you having National Milk-Cocoa at the office or factory or shop where you work? If not you are missing a good thing. It is an 'Extra Special' which provides the extra first-class protein you need to be fighting-fit. It is a delicious blend of cocoa, sugar and milk. Choose it in place of the usual cup of tea or coffee.

## YOUR NEW RATION BOOK

It is time to get your new Ration Book. Look out for local announcements giving you every detail of what has to be done, and how, when and where to do it. Meanwhile here is a tip which will help you to make a smooth change-over. Make sure that the particulars on your Identity Card and present Ration Book are correct and agree. If not take them to your local National Registration Office (same address as the Food Office).

## WELFARE FOODS

There are over 10,000 distributing points spread over the country where you can get ORANGE JUICE AND COD LIVER OIL for your child. Don't risk your child's health by forgetting or not bothering to get his share. Your child needs orange juice and cod liver oil every single day, in summer as well as winter. *Every time you see your child's Green Ration Book think of orange juice and cod liver oil!*

## BONES FOR SALVAGE

Bones make glue for binding aeroplanes. Bones make manure and chicken meal. Bones help to make explosives, and the need for them is urgent now. When the meat has been boiled off the bones that come from the butcher, or when your dog has gnawed them clean, put them in the salvage bin, or store them till the salvage collector calls. A family of four should produce an average return of 2½ oz. bones a week, and this would produce enough for the nation's needs. What is *your* average?

**Listen to the Kitchen Front on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.**

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 2028


# The Bread Question

People usually choose bread which pleases their palates, but, as bread is a staple article of diet, there is more in it than this—it must also supply the nutritional needs of the body so that health may be fully maintained. Having found the bread that completely satisfies you, does the question of colour *really* matter.

Allinson Bread is brown bread, but differs from ordinary brown, wholemeal and wheatmeal bread, for it has the highest wholewheat content. The flour from which Allinson Bread is made is stone-milled to the ideal texture, a method which ensures that the nourishing germ is thoroughly crushed and blended, giving the loaf a delicious flavour. It also contains the outer covering of wheat—Nature's corrective of constipation and therefore of the many other ills arising from it. Allinson Bread keeps fresh longer and gives you "health without medicine." Many doctors, dentists and food experts recommend it.

Allinson Bread is still supplied to tens of thousands by bakers throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Where difficulties are experienced the preference—indeed the need—for Allinson Bread is adequately satisfied by using Allinson Flour, sold in 3 and 6 lb. bags by bakers, grocers and stores for home baking. A recipe for home bread making is printed on every bag.

Allinson Bread and Flour are sold at popular prices. Name of local suppliers sent on application. Allinson Ltd. 210 Cambridge Heath Rd., London, E.2.



# Always on the go

MOTHER SAYS better a scamp to mind than a poorly child. She remembers the trouble she once had with baby; always crying, couldn't digest his food. Then they put him on Nestlé's Milk and all was well, because Nestlé's is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it easily digestible by the most delicate babies.

RICHEST IN CREAM **Nestlé's Milk**

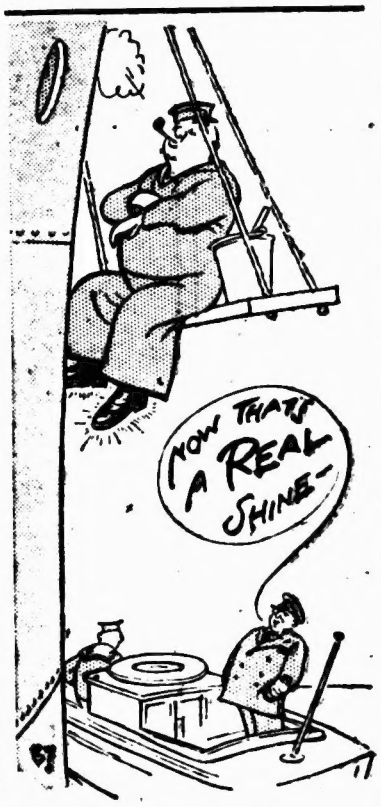
When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

*HORLICKS*






-IT MUST BE

**CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH**

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

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*— make them go with a swing!*

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SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1

a delicious food that keeps health in step with happiness.

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# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 10, 1944,*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## GOING UP

**● The roads of Britain still run with blood.**

**A shocking phrase? It is meant to be shocking. For it is time that all of us, even in the midst of a war of unprecedented horror, became horrified at the needless slaughter far behind the battlefield.**

**Some five children were killed on the roads every day in April. In that month, the total of deaths was five hundred and sixty-seven. Nine thousand nine hundred and thirty people were injured.**

**Are not these figures shocking enough? They are the more deplorable because they are higher than those for the same months before the war.**

**Road casualties, indeed, are steadily increasing. The Safety First campaigns have failed.**

**To meet the "grave social problem," as Mr. Philip Noel-Baker has termed it, the Ministry of War Transport is preparing a programme for action to be taken "immediately after the war."**

**But we shouldn't wait till then. We can't afford to tolerate the slaying and mangling of hundreds of people every week. And "we" means all of us. Our common sense should persuade us to learn road sense.**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# CLIMAX

SUSPENSE cannot end with the dawning of D-day. It will be intensified with a grim poignancy until our landings have been consolidated and the enemy's counter-attacks have been repulsed.

That will not be a matter of days but of weeks.

### Testing Time

Usually the crisis comes a fortnight after the beginning of an offensive. The greater the operation, the greater the danger to the attacking force.

It is true that General Eisenhower commands an almost irresistible force, so powerful is its equipment. But its very size makes the task of keeping it supplied from across the seas the hardest in all the annals of war. Neither Napoleon nor Hitler ever attempted so complex and dangerous a campaign.

### Cut to Pieces

One factor alone—there are others—justifies the confidence felt by Eisenhower.

The enemy has his own supply difficulties. His lines of communication have been disrupted; the French transport system has been cut into snippets by tens of thousands of bombs.

### Easier by Rail

**Rundstedt, no less than Kesselring in Italy, has for weeks past been compelled to rely on road transport.**

**And in war, as any soldier will tell you, the road is no substitute for the railway track.**

### We Know Them

Our fantastic strength in the air, moreover, makes it hard for the enemy to operate his favourite tricks of "elastic defence."

He must fight now in certain zones. We know every inch of those zones. Our aerial reconnaissance has been so comprehensive that hardly a machine-gun post could be erected or an air vent moved a dozen yards without it being recorded on our maps within a few hours.

### Fight or Perish

And at last the *Luftwaffe* must fight or perish. It is still strong. It is thousands strong in fighter aircraft. It is strong in quality; some of its types are really first-rate in performance.

Yet it is but a puny force in comparison with the endless air fleets of Britain and the U.S.A. And, in the end, numbers must tell.

### Secret No Longer

You have read the American disclosures of Allied aircraft production. How, by the end of last year, Britain and the U.S.A. had built 254,000 'planes. How, last year, Britain's production alone averaged 2,337 machines a month.

And the German figures? It is probable that they have been reduced by bombing to a thousand a month.

### Peril at Sea

Perhaps the struggle will be as fierce at sea as in the air. For though we must have sunk some 200 U-boats last year it is believed that the enemy succeeded in building about as many new ones.

Again, confidence is supported by the facts. We now have the means to conquer the U-boat. Its complete extinction is but a question of time.

### Shadow of Doom

And so the enemy, surveying the scene, finds no reason for hope. His chief military spokesman, General Dittmar, is almost mournful in his appraisal of the situation:

"It is a tragedy for the German military leadership that its brains must be concentrated not on the question how to achieve victory but how to avoid defeat."

### Counter-Attack

In short, the German military machine—designed for attack—must be put in reverse gear for counter-attack.

The German effort on the Rumanian borders last week thus had no offensive purpose. It aimed only at spoiling Russian preparations for the offensive. And it failed.

### Wind from the East

Massed tanks and infantry did no more than dent our ally's line. It did not affect those all-important preparations behind the line. It drew off no Russian divisions from the crucial central sector, where shattering strength has been assembled, from where a biting hurricane will sweep across the plains to merge in Germany with the storm from the West.

### The Way is Open

From the south, too, the thunder of the guns rolls nearer to the frontiers of the Reich.

"The way to the north is open, and the Allies know it," German correspondents in Italy are telling their readers.

**Yes, Alexander has found the right road. But, being a great general, he is more intent on destroying the enemy's armies than road-hogging.**

### Turning the Tables

The measure of his success wrings another admission from that most useful commentator, Dittmar: "The grimness of the fighting has inflicted on our formations unusually high losses."

It has also ensured that none of Kesselring's divisions can be spared for operations elsewhere—unless the enemy is prepared to surrender the whole of Italy. And everywhere he will find that the methods he used in France, Greece and Crete in the early campaigns will be turned against him.

### Double Purpose

Thus, the Mediterranean air forces are extended on a twin campaign. Directly, they are employed in attacking the German front line troops; indirectly, they are pulverising the German supply lines.

In the Low Countries, in Italy, in the Balkans, the purpose is clear.

### Will Bulgaria Fight?

Expecting full-scale action in the Balkans, the Bulgarians have mobilised twenty army classes. But it is doubtful if their Nazi overlords can depend on them to fight to the last ditch.

The Bulgarian people still regard the Russians as their blood-brothers. And still they have no love for Germans.

### Certain Fate

Rumania is certain to be overrun. Here again the masses are sullenly resentful at being dragooned by a puppet government, and they cannot be anxious to add to the fearsome losses they suffered in Russia.

**In Yugoslavia, Tito has ordered a general offensive. That may be significant; certainly the liberation of his country and Greece and Albania should not long be delayed.**

### No Comfort

Japan, therefore, cannot be comforted by events in Europe. She can now anticipate her own fate when the full might of Britain and the U.S.A. is ranged against her.

Even our partial strength is already breaking down her outer defences.

### Figures Speak

General MacArthur's triumph in New Guinea has brought him revenge for the Philippines—which group of islands, it is hinted, may be next on the list for reconquest.

Japan's sea and air inferiority may be taken for granted. Her aircraft production, for example, is not more than 1,400 a month. That of the United States alone is 9,000 a month.

### Big Push

Thus, in every zone of this world conflict we are nearing the bloodiest, greatest and decisive battles.

**May we not hope that Parliament begins a big push to run parallel with the military operations.**

### Action

It needs to be restive if our fighting men are to find Britain a more decent place to live in when they return to civilian life.

The Government will mitigate some of the impatience aroused by its years of delay if its forthcoming proposals on social services are as admirable as its employment policy. But there are other reforms which it should outline without further procrastination—and Parliament should insist that the outlines be filled in by hard-and-fast legislation.

### Fifteen Months

After all, the public is not unreasonably impatient. Fifteen months has elapsed since Mr. Churchill's promise of a Four Year Plan for reconstruction.

In that period, the Education Bill has passed through the Commons. We have had White Papers on national health and employment; and that is all.

Moreover, White Papers are not Acts of Parliament. They are tentative proposals, not approved schemes.

### They'd Like to Know

There is still no word of a land policy, without which it will be impossible to build all the houses the nation needs.

Local authorities lack adequate powers of land acquisition, and they are becoming anxious at Whitehall's long silence on the matter.

### The State's Duty

Most people will agree with Sir William Beveridge that "a State which is so organised that hundreds of thousands of citizens fall into unmerited distress through unemployment and sickness, or spend their closing years subject to the inquisitions and indignities of relief, has failed in a primary duty."

**And our citizens, now fighting or working to save the State, should be given proof that in future the State will not fail in its duty to them.**

*(Continued overleaf)*

***"A READY HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE"—***

*writes Miss E. Mills, of Aston, Birmingham, in acknowledging cheque received by her under John Bull's Free Insurance.*

**● Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from John Bull's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE Allied aircraft production figures which came out last week made just the right sort of pre-invasion news. Twenty-eight thousand planes from British factories last year—it's a grand total.

All praise to the workers in what's now our Number One industry. And, incidentally, as those workers know well, 28,000 is a minimum figure which takes no account of repaired machines and spares turned out on a fantastic scale.

## In Good Heart

The factories are in fine fettle, and the land is in good heart. We should have a bumper wheat harvest this year. Reports from the country say the fields are looking well everywhere.

So, with a war time increase of more than 86 per cent. in our wheat acreage, we can be sure of our daily bread.

## Long-Term Policy

More good news . . . 33 out of every 100 children in the elementary and secondary schools of England and Wales are now having a midday meal at school. Seventy-six out of every 100 children get their daily milk supply at school.

We want to see the figures go up and up. You can't have a better long-term investment than in the health of the next generation.

## A Move On

**It's not often that we get a chance to congratulate the Minister of Pensions on his speed. But we can this week. Within two hours of the "Gripsholm" docking with 13 repatriated Merchant Navy men aboard, Ministry officials had seen them and discussed their pension claims.**

**Moreover, the men are being paid 100 per cent. pensions until their cases have been reviewed.**

## Drink Question

The drink question has come up again with a vengeance in these thirsty days. It's nothing to do with the tub-thumping moralists who look down their noses whenever public-houses are mentioned. It's just the difficulty of making the beer go round.

An R.A.F. sergeant, out with his crew during a break from operational flying, says he could not get a drink at a pub in Aylsham, Norfolk.

## Fair Share—

The landlord said his quota was reserved for regular customers only. And naturally the sergeant was annoyed. He explains that he and his friends feel they are entitled to a little change from camp life.

They don't want preferential treatment—just a fair share of what's going. And they should get it.

## —Or Nothing

But—and here's the point—men in uniform shed their responsibilities when they're off duty a good deal more easily than civilians. They drink more. They sometimes drink everything they can lay their hands on. And no one blames them except the poor civilian who gets nothing.

The drink question in 1944 isn't a very serious one. Yet it can't be solved simply. There'll have to be still more give and take. That's all.

## Little to Spare

We've just been sent seven (empty) wage packets from readers who can scarcely have the price of a drink when they've paid for the ordinary little necessities.

They are transferred workers in a London electrical factory. For working weeks averaging 50 to 55 hours the wage packets show that the highest pay is £2 15s. 4d. and the lowest £1 19s. 8d.

What was all that we used to hear about excessive war time wages?

## Saving the Craftsmen

Now let's talk of peace for a change. And all of us—townsmen and village folk alike—should be willing to support a new type of "Co-op."

Village craftsmen fear their trades may become extinct within ten years. And so they have hit on the bright idea of touring the towns and cities in mobile workshops to stir the public conscience.

War Agricultural Committees, the N.F.U., and Rural Community Councils are backing their demand that the Government should intervene to save their trades.

## Prosperity for All

It may not seem of direct consequence to city-dwellers that the blacksmiths, thatchers and wheelwrights are dying out. But a robust village life is necessary to the even prosperity of the whole country. So, too, is the proper use of materials, and the scientific workers' trade union has just reminded us that:

"Science in the service of the people—instead of industrial monopolists—can create for them wealth and prosperity hitherto unknown."

One of the first essentials, surely, is that Big Business should no longer be able to suppress useful inventions.

## Good Old Times

**It's taken war time price controls to show up some of the profiteering we used to take without a grumble in peace. A London jeweller, summoned last week for overcharging, was said to have paid 3s. for a watch strap which he sold for 12s. 6d.**

**But the summons was dismissed. Because, before the war he charged 7s. 6d. for a strap that cost only 9d. wholesale.**

## Gravediggers' Scene

This week—just when the weather in the Straits of Dover is making us feel sunny and charitable—a reader tells us a story about gravedigging that must be mentioned.

**It's man-power again. The vicar of a Leicestershire parish had to stop a lad of nine from filling in a grave after a funeral. The boy was the gravedigger's son and he felt he had to make a start on the job until his father arrived home from work two or three hours later. It makes you feel quite chap-fallen.**

## Grave Expense

We've talked before on this page of the exorbitant cost of funerals. Officials of the Central Price Regulation Committee said the other day that a simple funeral might cost £250 at the present time. There's some hope that the prices will be forcibly reduced when the Committee has reported to the Government.

## Service

A lot of announcements are being offered to the newspapers implying that domestic servants are free for jobs.

The rest is simple. Scores of people write in and find that no information is available unless a registration fee of 5s. to 10s. is paid. Sometimes—too often—the fee is paid. Then victims find that the servants are no longer available. Later lists provided by the opportunists are useless. Isn't it easy?

## Trust Your G.P.

Another type of advertisement is creeping in now that lots of people are too busy to keep proper check. Like this . . . "I was treated by five doctors who did me no good whatever. Last week I suffered agonies and was confined to bed for eight days. I was told by a friend to try —— and did so. . . ."

Stuff and nonsense. Trust your doctor. By and large, the general practitioner is good. When JOHN BULL criticises it's only in rare, special cases.

## Think Again

Will the local authorities at Eastbourne be good enough to think carefully before they go on with their threat to evict smallholders—many of them ex-Servicemen of the last war—in order to provide housing sites, presumably for ex-Servicemen of this war? Land takes a long time to get mature and families are apt to get very fond of their own plots.

## Your Experience?

Report from Cairo on mail times: Airgraphs to and from Britain—about a week; air letters—just under a week; sea mail—33 days each way.

If your experience is not so good, be sure the fault isn't yours. Figures just published bear out what we've said before. Last March the British Army Postal Service in the Middle East had to hold up delivery of 365,000 letters and parcels. They were from people who had written to the wrong address.

## Tackling Pilferers

Incidentally, the War Office is looking into the idea of special containers in which to ship articles for the men overseas. It's suggested that pilferers could be beaten if these containers were locked with a master key over here and not opened till they got abroad.

## PERKY FACE?

★ **Yes, you'd think Mr. Dalton didn't miss much. But he does. He backed the wrong horse over austerity suits. And now he's behind the times at Southend. Half the people there can go without shoes for all the Board of Trade seems to care. Or they can travel up to London when everyone is being asked to cut down travel.**

**In 1944 the Board still bases its quota of shoes to Southend retailers on the 1940 evacuation figures. One retailer has a waiting list of 200 customers for a particular type of shoe. His 1940 quota is still only 50 pairs. March with the times, Mr. D.** ★

*Scarce as suitable materials must be, it's worth trying out these "strong boxes" if there's any chance of reducing petty theft.*

## What's Your Guess?

And so on to a little puzzle provided by a Bolton wife. "What's the sense in this?" she asks. And anyone can answer—especially officials of the Ministry of Labour who like to talk about total mobilisation.

"My husband was working on invasion barges," she says, "when he was sent north to prepare munition workers' cottages for pit conscripts. He had to take out fireplaces so that central heating could be installed. The grates had to be smashed in some cases. But it didn't last long. The job was cancelled and the cottages were left without either fireplaces or central heating."

## Going Up

A few months ago nine people were working in the N.F.S. store at a south coast town. They managed the job nicely. Now there are 7 Section Leaders, 4 men and 12 girls.

Some of the Section Leaders were brought down from the north of England, and it looks very much as though, once in the south, they had to be pushed into a job somewhere.

## Eight for One

Eight railway workers found the other week that their wage packets were a day short. A slip had been made that could easily be put right. So they wrote a note to point out the matter, and each signed it.

The answer was that each man must write out a separate claim. It's a pity red tape isn't in as short supply as paper.

## BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Two divisions of German troops in France are fully occupied carrying out repressive measures against the National Resistance Movement, in which all underground groups are now united.**
- French boys who have practically grown up under enemy occupation are worrying the Germans as much as the older men. That's why Vichy has had to allow the execution of minors from the age of 16.
- *Losses of the French saboteurs and guerillas total nearly* 100,000, *with almost half a million interned. Plenty more wait to carry on the struggle.*
- Several German missions have just reached Japan by U-boat. Their job is to persuade the Japs that things are not as gloomy for the Reich as Oshima, Ambassador in Berlin, has made out.
- *Inefficient distribution of supplies in Portugal have caused strikes, which had to be suppressed by force. But when British merchant ships recently reached the Tagus with* 25,000 *tons of wheat, no mention was allowed in the Portuguese press.*
- **Portugal is playing a queer game. Officially inspired propaganda there blames the Allied blockade for food shortage.**

# UNITY—NOW AND AFTER

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

NEXT Wednesday is United Nations Day, the anniversary of the birth of a tremendous idea.

It falls at a moment of crisis in world affairs with the forces of Freedom at the peak of their strength.

Final victory on the field of battle is certain, and the quickened march of military events, in which we prosper on every front, encourages the hope that it will not be long delayed.

***But the unity which the Allies have achieved in production and military strategy is not yet matched by unity in diplomacy.***

And the tremendous idea of a new world society, organised by strong and friendly peoples to restore the rule of law and to insure mankind against fear and want, is still no more than an agreed but remote objective.

No doubt it would not be possible at this stage for the United Nations to reach full agreement upon all post-war problems.

Unfortunately, they have not so far displayed much unity even in regard to immediate issues which concern them all.

They do not speak with one voice; they do not act by common consent; they appear distrustful of their neighbours' motives.

During the past twelve months the United Nations have been confronted by half a dozen major difficulties in the diplomatic field.

There was first of all the severance of diplomatic relations between Russia and Poland. Both Britain and America have made attempts to heal this breach but without definite result.

**It is true that Mr. Churchill, in his recent survey of foreign affairs, said he thought things were not so bad as they might appear on the surface, and hoped that "statesmanship would yet find some way through."**

But we see no solid ground for that hope.

Certainly the Russo-Polish divergence is the most difficult and delicate of diplomatic problems in Europe. Unfortunately others, in which no one of the Big Three is directly involved, also remain unresolved.

Thus the Yugoslavs are still uncertain whom the Great Powers are backing or why. For them Marshal Tito is the only leader of honest and effective resistance to the Germans.

But we, although forced at last to throw Mihailovitch overboard and acknowledge Tito's effective leadership in the field, are still toying with King Peter's reshuffled Cabinet as though it stood, or could ever stand, for the Government of the country.

Similarly in Greece, where the gallant people who fought Mussolini's armies to a standstill and then dared oppose the mightier onslaught of Nazi armour are still resistant to their cruel invaders, the United Nations offer no united lead.

True, the Lebanon Conference is said to have brought some order out of chaos, but it was not held until after there had been serious mutiny in the Greek army and navy.

And it is still extremely doubtful whether King George and M. Papandreou will ever set up a "National Government" capable of commanding the trust and loyalty of the people.

Russia, though she has remained aloof from certain controversies, is also capable of "unilateral action," as was shown by her sudden recognition of the Badoglio Government in Italy.

It may be that in this instance the Soviets took the initiative because they had not been consulted soon enough by Britain and America.

The fact remains that there has been no concerted and unanimous diplomacy to "sort out" any of these European tangles.

And what is perhaps the greatest of them—the status of the French National Committee—may not even be unravelled by General de Gaulle's visit to London.

Yet JOHN BULL is convinced that it is a matter of urgency and of world importance for the Allies to give their united recognition of this Committee as the Provisional Government of France, the title which it has itself assumed.

Hitherto the tendency, both of the British and American Governments, has been to avoid taking decisions in regard to occupied countries in Europe.

We have an uneasy feeling that our own Foreign Office has been too ready to play second fiddle to the American State Department.

However that may be, both of them have seemed willing to pass their responsibilities over to General Eisenhower, who does not wish to carry them and ought not to be expected to do so.

Here we have instanced merely the more outstanding of the *immediate* European problems which should obviously be dealt with by concerted action.

No one of them is necessarily vital by itself to the future regulation of world affairs, but, taken together, they must be solved by joint action or they will never be solved at all.

For how can any group of nations claim to be "united" when they are manifestly at variance on matters which concern them all?

Britain and America have certainly achieved a compromise agreement with Franco's Spain, and Mr. Churchill has gone out of his way to throw bouquets to the Spanish Dictator because, under pressure of the most powerful "economic sanctions," he has promised to cut down his exports of wolfram to Germany!

***But the people—and the President—of the United States do not share the Churchillian benevolence to "the Caudillo." Mr. Roosevelt has, in fact, made it quite plain that he disbelieves in Franco's willingness to be as good as his word.***

As for Russia, we do not know her views, and can only congratulate her upon her admirable restraint in expressing them.

Obviously Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union cannot be expected to see eye to eye upon every question.

Our main point is that they know this and have set up the European Advisory Commission with the express purpose of hammering out solutions acceptable to all three of them.

HERE, then, we have the machinery in being for the preservation of diplomatic unity among the United Nations.

Why is it not being used? Why, indeed, is it not being worked to capacity?

Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, not to mention their chief colleagues, *have* agreed that the post-war world can be managed successfully only upon the basis of full co-operation among the Great Powers with the support of other free countries, each contributing what it can to the common cause.

But Europe is the guinea-pig for the world experiment. We *must* now try out on this ancient Continent the methods we hope to apply for the conduct of all humanity's affairs.

Again and again JOHN BULL has stressed the need for some United Nations' "G.H.Q." of diplomacy. We have held, and still hold, the belief that the Allies must either speak with one voice on questions of policy or abandon their hope of building up a new world order.

Victory, as we have said, is no longer in doubt. Germany and Japan are doomed to unconditional surrender. It is now merely a question of how long it will be before they admit their inevitable defeat.

**But the harvest of victory has yet to be gathered in. The United Nations can make it a great one if they work together to reap it.**

**If they fail to do that, if each goes its separate way seeking only its own advantage, there must follow a fatal waste of opportunity; a disastrous squandering of the earth's depleted but still richly adequate resources.**

## *Hermann Schulze Has Disappeared*

I AM going to tell you how the Allied bombers have been helping thousands of German deserters.

No, this isn't a joke. It is based on information which has just reached me from reliable neutral sources.

The Anglo-American air forces have set the *Gestapo* a problem it cannot solve. The havoc caused in German cities by the Allied bombers has given many, many people—German soldiers as well as foreign workers and prisoners of war—golden opportunities of escape.

Here, then, is what actually happens in Germany nowadays.

★ ★ ★

Grenadier Hermann Schulze is home in Berlin on leave from the Russian front. He has no wish to return there and to die for his Fuehrer, but he does not see how he can dodge his fate.

His wife tells him that in recent raids entire streets have disappeared and whole families have been wiped out. She mentions that the police, unable to check up every single case of people reported as killed, accept at their face value any statement by close relatives about a killed husband, father or brother.

Before his leave is due to expire, Hermann Schulze learns for himself what a heavy raid on Berlin is like. As soon as the "raiders passed" signal is sounded he leaves the shelter and runs in the direction of the next still blazing district.

★ ★ ★

He stops before a smoking heap of rubble, eager to help the rescue squads to remove the victims' bodies.

He thus learns that the Mueller family, of 54, Hindenburgstrasse, second floor, has been wiped out. And he picks up some identity papers and ration cards from the wreckage.

Hurrying back home, he changes his uniform for civvies, gives precise instructions to his wife, and leaves for another district or a provincial town where nobody knows him.

Next morning Frau Schulze reports in tears to the police; her husband had been visiting friends last night, a family Mueller, at 54, Hindenburgstrasse, second floor.

He has not returned, but she has meanwhile learned that the district has got several direct hits and she fears the worst.

The policeman picks up the telephone. Lists of victims are checked up.

Yes, the Mueller family has been killed and many other people, too, in the same tenement house.

Frau Schulze nearly faints, but pulls herself together and goes off to the mortuary, where nurses of the Nazi Welfare Organisation help her with unpleasant formalities.

★ ★ ★

The police issue a death certificate, report to his unit that Grenadier Hermann Schulze has been killed in an air raid. He will never be sought as a deserter; his "widow" will even receive a pension.

And at the end of the war he and many thousands of other deserters will be alive to bless the Allied airmen for enabling them to baffle the military police and the *Gestapo*—and to survive the war.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

## Sir DOUGLAS McCRAITH,

### Chairman, North Midland Price Regulation Committee

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—No wonder you were astonished at the attack made by Mr. S. Shephard, M.P. for Newark, who cast doubt on the existence of overcharging by hotels and boarding-houses for bed and breakfast.

The Member for Newark stepped in where angels feared to tread when he described the findings of your Committee as being based " on flimsy and anonymous evidence." Perhaps he is sorry now that he ever stepped at all.

For four and a half years, you say, your Committee has unflinchingly been discharging its duties. There is no reason whatever why it should make these charges of exploitation unless the evidence were strong and conclusive.

For many more years than four and a half I have been active in exposing rackets big and little..

**From personal knowledge and from innumerable instances supplied by my cheated readers, I can testify that the scandal of overcharging, especially to Servicemen, is widespread.**

**The most discreditable feature of the whole ramp is that the officers and men of Allied nations are being fleeced right and left. In London and in the provincial cities hotels are charging as much as three or four times for bed and breakfast as they did before the war.**

No wonder the troops are resentful. These robbers—they are nothing else—know neither honour nor decency.

Before the war in some Continental countries the most ignorant tourist was protected against this cheating. In every room in every hotel was prominently displayed a notice stating all prices.

That form of control worked admirably.

There is no reason why it should not work here. With price control and licensing the racket could not survive. Fair and equitable charges could be fixed so that hotels and boarding-houses should receive a reasonable margin of profit.

If Mr. Shephard read some of the letters that reach me, and if he were in touch with what is happening in London and elsewhere, he would be quickly convinced that your committee has understated rather than overstated the case.

**What astonishes me is that the House of Commons has not taken steps by now to end a state of affairs which is a grave reflection on our national integrity.—JOHN BULL.**

*He has more than enough to face without being confronted with scandalous hotel bills!*

# OPEN LETTERS

## Lord RUSHCLIFFE,

### Fedsden, Roydon, Ware

MY LORD,—I welcome your appointment by the Lord Chancellor as chairman of a committee to inquire into the facilities for giving legal aid and advice to poor persons.

Whenever I dwell on the inscrutable ways of the legal machine I quote inwardly, and perhaps with injustice, the words of Anatole France: " Oh, the sublime majesty of the Law, which forbids rich and poor alike to beg for bread in the streets and to sleep at night under arches."

France was an ironic realist. He knew that Justice, which should be impartial and open to all, was obstructed and denied to the poor. Not because Justice was unheeding, but because Justice was—and is—an expensive master—or servant.

If, as the result of your inquiry, you pave the way to the removal of only *some* of the legal barriers which exist to-day between the poor and Justice, you will have done well.

**But I hope that your Committee will do more than that—rid the Law for ever of the taint that Justice is a rich man's right and a poor man's privilege.—JOHN BULL.**

## Dr. A. H. BUNTING,

### Harpenden, Herts

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is a commonplace fact that the machine properly handled can produce everything the world needs, materially. And it is equally true, as you recently assured a meeting of scientific workers, that Science can create wealth and prosperity hitherto unknown.

But I wonder if Science can ensure a more equitable distribution of that wealth and prosperity.

World productive power has increased enormously in the past few years. Diverted into proper channels it could erase for ever, everywhere, the spectre of poverty and the fear of hunger.

The rôle of Science in the remoulding of the world is obviously going to be a dominant one.

If, as you say, its first post-war task will be to increase food production because there has never been enough food, then it will make an initial and important contribution to enduring peace. Providing, of course, that the food is fairly shared the world over.—JOHN BULL.

## Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE,

### President, the British Legion

DEAR GENERAL,—**At the end of this war there will be much heart-burning over the question of demobilisation. There was in 1918 and 1919. And whatever plan the Government finally approves there will be resentment and disappointment among men and women of the Services.**

**I agree with you that "first in, first out" idea won't work. But need demobilisation produce the complications you fear?**

**I feel that any scheme must be governed by one overriding factor—the nation's needs.**

**If certain men are essential to get us back into our peace-time swing, then those men must come back first, irrespective of whether they have served five months or five years.**

**The nation's needs are greater than the individuals. And if, because of that, there are seeming injustices, well, no one can help it.**

**We have put Britain before our rights and liberties since 1939. We can continue to do so while the new Britain is in the making.—JOHN BULL.**

## *Perils of Early Marriage*

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

IS there such a thing as the best age for marriage? Dr. R. Sutherland, medical adviser of the Central Council for Health Education, thinks there is and declares that age to be the early twenties.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps the doctor is examining the question purely from a biological point of view. Even if he is, I doubt whether young people produce the best offspring.

Many a girl who becomes a mother when she is hardly out of her teens fails fully to realise the responsibilities of parenthood.

The sheer carelessness of some of these young mothers is appalling. I have seen babies blue with cold, because the silly girls, who should know better, want to display a new frock.

I have seen bandy-legged kiddies whose deformity is due to the stupidity of young parents making them walk before their time.

In hot, burning sunshine I have seen little toddlers clad only in thin panties, their tender skins reddening under the fierce rays of the sun.

I have seen kiddies squinting and cross-eyed because of the carelessness of young mothers. I hold that that carelessness is due in the main to frustration and disenchantment.

Early marriages are good—or were good—for the birth rate. Whether they are as productive of content and of happiness as they are of children is another matter.

So many girls, mature in body but immature in mind, marry into what they believe is going to be a fairy-land.

I know. I've met such girls, any number of them. Children are nuisances. And the poor kids, instead of getting that specialised care which they should all receive, are neglected.

These girl mothers make the most fantastic blunders. Their ignorance is pitiable. Yet their children survive. But they do not grow up the healthy, unblemished children they should.

★ ★ ★

Later marriages are better. Economically they are better. How many young wives find that they are too poor to keep up any sort of social life?

Later marriages produce children who, if not better physically, get a better chance to grow up without being the victims of neglect or ignorance.

Later marriages provoke less discontent and seem more endurable.

I may be wrong, probably am. But I write only of what I have known and of the young couples I have met.

## Miss BRIDGET TALBOT, O.B.E.,

### Gaddesden House, Berkhampsted

DEAR MISS TALBOT,—Few people in this country are unaware or unappreciative of the work of the Merchant Navy. But there must be many people who are ignorant of your work for the men who have kept the lifelines of war going.

Your latest contribution to this self-imposed task is a pamphlet, "Empire Transport," which, I understand, has been issued at your expense and on your initiative. It is a good pamphlet, covering, as it does, those vital problems which must be tackled *now*.

Yet I, though the kindliest of your critics, feel that your approach to the problem lacks vision.

For instance, you declare that there is no reason why the British Commonwealth of Nations should not *compete* with U.S.A. in establishing and running air transport lines.

Always I have praised the virtues of co-operation against the failings of competition. And when Capt. W. H. Coombs, the President of the Officers' (Merchant Navy) Federation, says in his foreword to your pamphlet, " British Shipping and Air Policy must be keyed into a World Transport Policy," I must agree with him.

**A Commonwealth Transport Board, such as you suggest, is a great idea. But don't you believe that a World Transport Board, regulating the air and sea traffic of the world, is a better one? — JOHN BULL.**

## Rev. R. DOBLE,

### Vicar, St. Saviour's Brockley Rise

DEAR VICAR,—To ring out laughter on the anvil of Life is a " consummation devoutly to be wished." Too much care, too much weariness, too much anxiety and too much worry—understandable enough—about the future are the burdens most of us carry to-day.

**Yet, even in these impressive and imponderable times, there must be room for a movement such as the one you have initiated, "The League of Merry Laughter."**

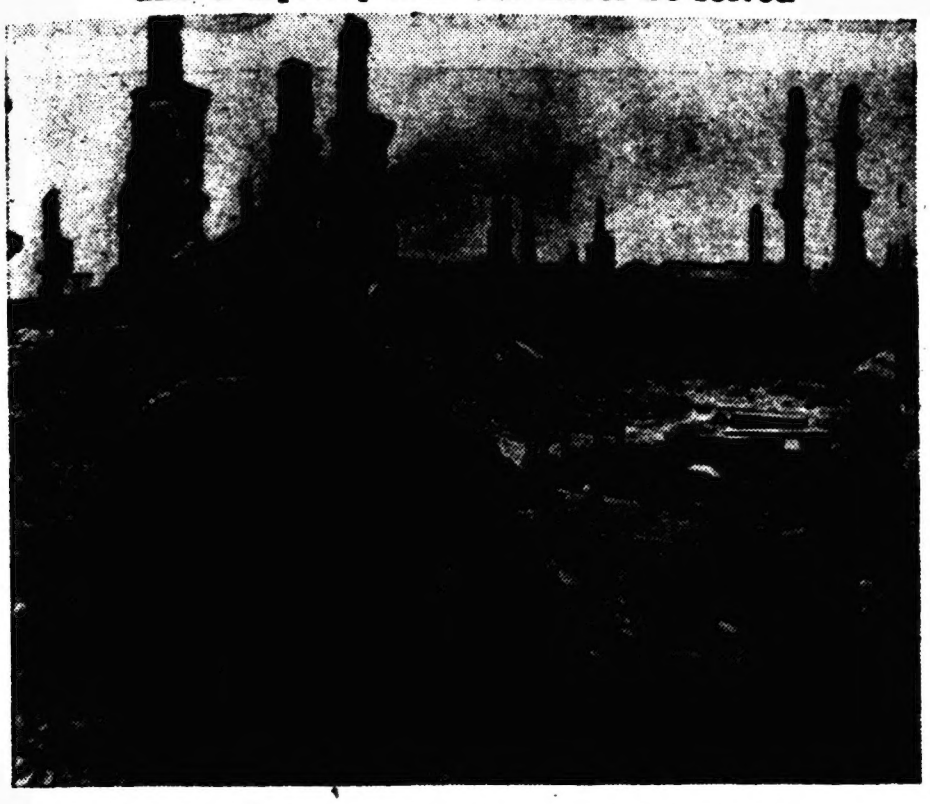
It seems years since I heard a merry laugh, but there *is* laughter in the world to-day.

It comes from little children; it is sparkling, bringing new and necessary grace to the despondent heart of Man.

We can conquer care. We can " drown tears in smiles, kill hatred with a kiss." What mission in life is worthier?—JOHN BULL.

**B. L. JACOT writes of a last message chalked on the prison wall, of a boy who wouldn't talk, and a mystery that will never be solved**

# Death Came to the Executioners



*Not many people remain in the towns recaptured by the Red Army.*

THE Red Army sergeant and his two men were climbing over the rubble when a sign in German caught their eye: "Civilian and Military Prison."

The village was in ruins, the walls of its houses blasted out into the streets, the old church on the hill still smoking, roofless and gutted. In the Spring sunshine not a soul was to be seen.

"They used the school as a prison," the sergeant said. "We'd better see what's left."

Two days had passed since the victorious Red Army had swept through Dinochi, a small village on a tributary of the Dnieper west of Kiev, driving the Germans before them. Sergeant Borodin had been left behind to clear the village of traps before the peasants came back.

Inside the shell of the schoolhouse was a long passage, with doors opening into rooms that had been used by the Germans as cells.

The first door was marked: "Civilians"; the second, "Military"; a third, "Guerillas." In the third cell the Red Army men found a youth sitting in the corner. He did not move when the sergeant burst in.

"At least there's one person in the village," Borodin shouted. "Who are you?"

The boy looked up. His head twitched. But he said nothing.

"His mind's gone," the corporal said.

**They lifted the boy to his feet. He was unhurt. They gave him a drink. They questioned him, but he would say nothing. He didn't seem to hear.**

## Last Message

Looking round, the sergeant saw some writing on the wall. "March 27th. Long live the Red Army. Nikolai Chemko passed through here. Look in the pit at the quarries, comrades. Death to the invaders."

The date was two days before the Red Army captured the village. The sergeant took his men to find the quarries. The river ran through the village, swirling round the shattered bridge.

The birds were chirping and the sun glinted on the water. Still not a soul in sight. The village was deserted except for the boy.

They took him along with them to the quarries. Earth had been newly trampled over a long ditch; at the south end was an enormous crater. In his careful report the sergeant states:

"Not far from the edge was a leg in a Russian peasant's heavy boot. Part of a modern Red Army infantry rifle was also found, together with a woollen cap such as our guerillas wear."

It was the sergeant's job to clean up liberated places, and the working of the Gestapo had made him familiar with pointers such as the prison. He knew what to look for.

**The Germans held prisoners in batches in such places until they had enough for a disciplinary execution, or mass murder.**

They began to open up the ditch at the south end. It was full of civilian corpses—men, women and children. "No wonder the village is empty," the corporal said.

It was at the north end of the ditch that this horribly grim routine business took on an angle the Red Army men had never met before. Nine recent German corpses were shallowly buried at that end, heaped above the decaying bodies.

The Russians exhumed two officers and seven other ranks, all fully clothed. There were six German rifles and two automatic pistols. There was no doubt that this was the execution squad. All the bodies were riddled with machine-gun bullets.

"These," said the sergeant at length, "are the only fresh corpses. Someone surprised an execution, and they must have saved our people about to be shot. Must have been a body of men. Several machine-guns and complete surprise."

"Perhaps it was the men about to be executed," suggested the corporal.

"They don't let men about to be shot carry machine-guns," the sergeant said.

They looked around the quarry. There was no cover within range: no possible way in which the Germans who were about to perform their atrocity could have been approached so as to give the necessary surprise. "An aircraft?" the sergeant wondered.

"Then who buried them?"

"Those about to be murdered. Maybe that Nikolai Chemko who chalked up the message."

The Red Army men searched the Germans for papers and made a good haul. The sergeant then sent one of the men on to a telephone post to make his report.

## His Face Lit Up

**Then he turned to the youth, and it seemed to him that the boy's face lit up when he looked at the dead Germans.**

The sergeant took the boy apart and began to talk to him gently. He offered him a cigarette, but the other did not seem to notice. Every now and then his head would twitch violently, then he would continue to stare at nothing.

The party got on with its work, and that night they made their sleeping quarters in the cellar of a building that was still partly roofed.

The boy slept with them. Early next morning the corporal was gathering splintered timbers for their fire when he heard a noise as of something scraping in a drainage culvert near by.

He investigated, and pulled out a very old man.

**The man was terrified. He had been living in the drain for months, crawling out at night to find the scraps of food on which he had managed to live. He did not know until the sergeant told him that the Germans had gone.**

This old man could not tell them much, and what he said only served to deepen the mystery. He swore that the previous night while searching for food in the moonlight he had seen the boy crawling through the ruined streets, and had watched him enter the schoolhouse prison.

## Who Can Answer?

He knew the boy well and gave his name as Pavrin, son of a worker on the collective farm.

"A guerilla fighter?" the sergeant asked.

The old man did not know.

The boy was taken over by a nursing unit that arrived on the spot during the morning. Later that day the sergeant and his men left Dinochi to clean up the next liberated village.

Sergeant Borodin took several questions with him in his head, and so far no one has been able to answer them for him.

Murder, rape, plunder, deathless self-sacrifice have left many mysteries in the wake of the fleeing German hordes, but the presumed escape of the batch of Russians about to be shot, the careful burial of the German executioners, and—above all—that unexplained crater at the edge of the death-pit, these are things that seem to fit into no known framework.

If it were a mine that destroyed the rescuing party to the last man, what became of the men they saved?

# *Invasion—Now It Can Be Told*

LANDING craft crunch on the beaches of Occupied Europe. Our men scramble ashore to liberate a continent.

The great, paramount event of 1944. Yes, but it has taken years to fashion.

Remember Dunkirk.

The ports of France and Belgium crammed with barges that were to bring a German invading army to England, and we armed with pikes to repel it.

The Battle of Britain still to be won.

**Yet, in a small landlocked harbour on the south coast, almost within sound of the panzer divisions on their way to Paris, Englishmen practised landing on a hostile shore. They swam. They waded ashore. They jumped in and out of little boats, and I didn't believe it when I saw them.**

★ ★ ★

There weren't many of them. The boats they used were a few odd craft that had escaped the bullets and bombs of the nine days' wonder that was Dunkirk.

They hadn't any weapons that mattered except for a few rifles and a machine-gun or two that . . . well, let's forget it.

They were to become the basis of the training of every man in the three British Fighting Services and in the American army and navy as well.

The equipment they were to discover an invader needs and were to devise and invent was to be supplied to every operational command of the United Nations.

Even before the United States was officially in the war, when they were still neutral, blue-prints of the design for the great modern landing craft with doors that open in the bows were to be sent to America with a plea that construction should start at once.

They became the first Commandos. They developed into Combined Operations. What they learned made the landing in Sicily possible; at Anzio . . . and now anywhere we wish to go.

Their first large operation was the Vaagso affair. Later came Bruneval, St. Nazaire. Then, with Dieppe, "a reconnaissance in force," the picture of what was to come began to take shape.

The dream of those men on the South Coast in the summer of 1940 became a vision of future reality.

They still had a long way to go. A lonely loch in the far north of Scotland had to be made the training ground where every new idea and gadget of modern warfare could be put on trial.

Men trained there, first as Commandos, then until every infantryman in the Army was one and the name no longer meant something outstanding where the standard of all was high.

New types of tank that could swim, new landing craft, new mechanical devices to smooth the way on shell- and bomb-torn beach were invented and provided.

A film of a model landing in which grease that could be smeared on rifle and vital lorry parts to make them waterproof was shown to be more precious than gold was made and sent throughout the training camps of Britain, of Canada, the United States, and the great centres of the Dominions.

★ ★ ★

**More than a year ago when I went back to that harbour on the South Coast and saw again men jumping in and out of little boats the number of personnel in the Navy who had been trained as landing craft crews was equal to the full strength of the Navy when war broke out.**

A new technique of handling troopships in convoy and close inshore had been learned by the Merchant Navy.

Four Services had learned to be one.

Which means that we have found the answer to a problem the Germans couldn't solve after Dunkirk.

There is a moral in that somewhere, if you only look. Even if it is only that Churchill may have meant the beaches of France when he spoke way back in 1940.

DOULGAS REEKIE.

# What Plans for Germ

## Asks A. G. GARDINER

VICTORY, humanly speaking, is certain, and it may be very near. It came suddenly in the last war, and we were unprepared to implement it, with the results we know. Are we better prepared now?

In certain respects we are. The mind of America is made up. She will not desert the peace again. Russia is not knocked out of the ring as she was in 1917. She is erect and victorious.

The three great Powers, with whom the destiny of the world will mainly rest, are in close collaboration as to post-war policy. They have accepted the principles of the Atlantic Charter. They are discussing the economic future of the world.

Mr. Cordell Hull has initiated discussions with Britain, Russia and China on the organisation of an international security body which will put teeth into the League of Nations of the future. These are long-term problems.

* * *

But there is a more immediate problem which is occupying the European Advisory Commission. It is the problem of what we are to do with the defeated enemy.

On this we need a clear, firm and unanimous policy. We need it at once, and we should declare it with the least possible delay.

*The imperatives of the policy are two. It should make the calamity that Germany has twice in thirty years brought upon the world impossible of recurrence. And it should be consistent with the building of a world society from which such a calamity from any source is for ever excluded.*

The first condition demands that the defeat of Germany shall be unequivocal.

There must be no possibility left for the revival of the legend that she was "encircled" from abroad and "stabbed in the back" at home. It was upon that twin lie that the Hitler plot was founded.

This time Prussian militarism must be killed stone dead.

Whatever industrial restraints are necessary to prevent the secret building up of mighty armaments should be ruthlessly imposed, and Germany must be permanently starved of the key commodities of war.

Revenge there will not be, but retribution there will be. Stern justice there will be.

The soil of Europe is sodden with the blood of Germany's victims.

Millions of maimed lives from end to end of Europe, lives broken in body, torn from their homes, plundered of their substance, tortured in concentration camps, cry aloud, not for vengeance, but for justice.

* * *

The criminals who have ordered these horrors and the barbarians who have executed them must be punished. In Russia, in Poland, in Norway, in every devastated land the names of these monsters have been catalogued.

They will be tried, legally but speedily, in the countries they have outraged, and will suffer the penalties that the conscience of the world demands.

As for the infamous principals who conceived this reign of terror, the Hitlers, Goerings, Goebbels, Himmlers, Ribbentrops, they must be brought to judgment in circumstances that will strike the imagination of the world and live as a warning for all.

* * *

The experience of reparations after the last war does not encourage me to touch this question. But restitution in kind there must be.

*The United States Board of Economic Warfare have published statistics of Germany's loot of Europe. They show that "by the end of 1941 German plunder of Europe amounted to at least £9,000,000,000." Since that time the total has enormously increased.*

The loot has consisted of pictures, libraries, works of art, scientific instruments, locomotives, rolling stock, vehicles, clothing, furniture, anything and everything that the thieves could lay hands on. These things or their equivalent must be restored.

* * *

But what of the large-scale destruction which Germany has wrought throughout the length and breadth of Europe? What of the cities and the lands desolated?

On this subject the Russian delegate on the European Advisory Commission has put forward a strong demand.

It is that a vast labour corps, composed of the German Army and sections of the German population, should be organised to rebuild the areas in Russia and in other countries which have been devastated.

To this proposal, which would mean forced labour for a large portion of the German population, the United States is definitely hostile, and our own attitude is one of doubt.

This does not imply sympathy with the German people.

As a nation they have deserved any punishment they get, and if the Russians kept all their captives until all the ruin they have wrought is repaired, Germany would have no just grievance.

But the mass punishment of the German's is questionable on economic and political grounds.

As the war recedes into the past, we cannot forecast the national attractions and repulsions that time and events will bring or the effect which hundreds of thousands of indentured Germans scattered over the face or Europe would have upon public opinion. It might well destroy our long-term planning and lay the seeds, not of peace, but of war.

This brings us to the second of the two

*Never again must German youth be dazzled by the shoddy pageantry of militarism!*

# So Now the R.A.F.

HAVE you ever looked at British newspaper reproductions of bomb damage in Germany—and marvelled?

Hitler has seen them, too. And he marvels. And despairs.

For his own *Luftwaffe* can't bring him back anything approaching those pictures in all-revealing clarity and technical brilliance, and the unhappy man knows that the fault is entirely his.

★ ★ ★

If he hadn't been fool enough to chase out of Germany as refugees most members of the German families who have hugged the secrets of lens-making for generations, making a free present of them to the Allies . . .

But why cry about it? The milk has been spilled.

Those newspaper reproductions tell his technicians more than they tell you.

He knows that R.A.F. experts, viewing our spotters' pictures stereoscopically, and with terrific magnification, can see everything they want to see—even when the photographs have been taken from a great height, under execrable conditions, and with fighters about.

And that is true. have taken photogra height that they c with the naked ey tures taken hav sh portraits of "unsusp soldiery moving abo

German lens-make right up to the end tury—and beyond.

A lens-maker's so a lens-makers So child. And the gr

But rarely were finer craftsmanship until a man became until a man was d that he had a son sell such secrets, b the family as part o

Kaiser Wilhelm of these lens-maker war potential.

Hence the Germa war "last time" carrying the las binoculars, with de filtered out of ever a field of vision an nification which surprising.

What time Ea appealing to Britis lend to the British

# many?

imperatives which should govern our treatment of Germany. The victory we look for will have been won in vain if from the ashes of this war there does not arise a New World based on Mr. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms.

* * *

In establishing that Order—world unity, the reign of law, the abolition of war, equal rights for all nations—there must be no "carry over" from the evil past.

The Order must include all the great Powers of the earth, or it cannot function at all. There must be room in it, on our terms, even for the criminal power that has brought this suffering upon mankind.

*There is only one thing to be done with the German nation. It must be civilised and brought within the community of nations.*

If it is left alive and kept permanently outside that community it will be a constant menace. It will have one sleepless purpose. It will prey, as in the past, upon the constantly shifting rivalries and hostilities of nations, and when the hour and the man appear it will plunge the globe into a Third World War.

Our post-war policy towards Germany is clear. Her defeat must be crushing and decisive.

Her punishment must be according to the enormity of her crime. Her leaders must be publicly tried and publicly executed. Her territory must be occupied. All arms must be denied to her.

The sources of her malign power must be uprooted. Her insane gospel of the master race must be destroyed. The generation of thugs created by Hitler must be disciplined, educated and set to labour for the victims they have despoiled.

But there must be hope for a defeated, broken and regenerated Germany. Purged of her crimes, convinced that aggression does not pay, she must know that there is a place for her in the New World Order.

# .F. Has X-Ray Eyes

s true. British airmen hotographs from such a they couldn't be seen ked eye. But the pic- nave shown presentable unsuspecting German ng about below.

s-makers were supreme he end of the last cen- yond.

ker's son always became r's So did the grand- the great-grandchild. were the secrets of nanship handed over became old—and never was definitely satisfied a son who would never rer, but keep them in s part of its inheritance. lhelm knew the value s-makers to the German l.

German army went to ime" with every officer last word in Jena-made with deceptive colouring of every lens and with sion and degree of mag- huck in those days was

ne Earl Roberts was British householders to British Services for the period of the war old-fashioned field-glasses which, in most cases, they had bought for thirty shillings or so for watching cricket or horse-races.

But Hitler began putting the screw on these fine craftsmen almost as soon as he came to power.

He was doubly foolish to do so, because British lens-makers were already performing wonders without German help. Indeed, the majority of film-cameras at Hollywood and most of the film projectors throughout the world were already fitted with British-made lenses.

Slowly the German craftsmen moved in to Britain to escape the terror. Then faster, faster. The last of them have managed to struggle here since the war began.

★ ★ ★

Germany has lost lens-making supremacy for good, for her lens-makers here will never hand over secrets to relatives left in Germany.

And so the eyes of the R.A.F. pick out uncannily everything they want to see—the column on the roads, the camouflaged big-gun position, the tell-tale ruts which are a sign that that innocent-looking farmhouse is really a Corps H.Q.

And Adolf asked for it!

MAURICE FAGENCE.

HELPED BY MOUNTAIN-WISE ALBANIAN GUERILLAS, THE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF A PLANE FORCED DOWN ON A STRANGE AIRFIELD MADE THEIR WAY TO SAFETY

# TREK OF THE DOUBLE THIRTEEN

*Over the Albanian mountains stretches the long arm of the Partisans*

By Harold A. Albert

NAILED up in every Albanian village are the photos of thirteen pretty nurses with the ominous words: "Reward for Capture."

The villagers see the placards and grin. They know now that the girls are safe in Cairo and elsewhere. The Germans glance at the notices—and quake in their jackboots. They know now that all around them are the watching, vengeful eyes and the waiting secret weapons of a vast underground army.

## CRASH LANDING

It was last November that an Allied transport plane, lost and crippled, crashed in driving rain in the Albanian mountains.

Out of the wreckage, rueful but unhurt, crawled the thirteen nurses, the four boys of the air crew—and thirteen technical sergeants of the U.S. Medical Corps.

Imagine that happening in Britain, with the rôles reversed. Imagine a Nazi plane crashing in the Pennines, and its crew secretly travelling through Britain to safety—and getting away with it!

**Yet that is what happened in this tale of the "double thirteen." What's more, the Germans must have known they were there . . . and must have had their pack of *Gestapo* hounds in full cry.**

Lost in bad weather on the way to Bari, the plane had started to land on a strange airfield—only to find it was German-occupied. Soon the *Luftwaffe* fighters were on their tail. Wings burdened with ice, radio dead, fuel running low, the hospital unit had no alternative but to crash-land.

"Where are we?" asked the pilot.

"Shqiperia!" mouthed the peasant who was first on the scene.

It took precious time to sort out that "Shqiperia" is merely the native name for Albania. It took time, too, to burn papers and plane in the soaking rain. Hectic, when you consider that the crowd of excited villagers had explained by signs that the Nazis were coming round the next mountain!

## WHISKED AWAY

And then the long arm of the Partisans reached out, almost under the eyes of the enemy, and whisked the medical team onto a highway of amazing escape.

It meant nearly ten weeks of hide-and-seek, dodging bullets, dropping behind rocks, crawling past Nazi patrols, hiking for hundreds of miles.

**And it meant, at every turn, the courage and unselfishness of hundreds of underground workers who risked life and home in organising this great trek to freedom.**

For two nights the refugees hid up in a little rough stone farmhouse, in a room barely five yards square, while a Partisan official arranged a mule-train and guide to take them over the mountains to a British mission.

They lived for 48 hours on bread and hard rations, not daring to venture past the door. The first they knew of the passing of immediate danger was when the neighbourhood slaughtered a water buffalo in their honour.

And then, the third day, they set out—four hours up one side of a mountain, three hours down. At the next village the Partisans billeted them out in groups of three and four. The local Nazi chief would have turned grey overnight had he known.

From village to village they went, repaying the dangerous hospitality by giving away equipment and clothing. When the mules reached the end of their "zone," and had to be returned, they went afoot.

Their shoes wore to ribbons, their feet became swollen and tender, but they still went on.

Atop one of the highest mountains, a blizzard swept down. Now the survival course that had made them laugh in their training days proved its worth.

**The nurses became sleepy and some of them wanted to lie down in the snow. The boys slapped their faces and dragged them along.**

**Sometimes they heard shots behind them. It meant the Germans were in pursuit—and getting nearer.**

## GUIDE FROM THE SKY

One night they rode in trucks, dodged out when they ran into a German ambush—and saw the trucks demolished by hand-grenades. But the entire party of nurses, men and guides made a getaway in the underbrush.

It was December before they reached the long-sought British Mission. Shoes were dropped to them by parachute—and proved to be all men's sizes. Padding their feet with woollen socks, the nurses prepared to flop onward.

The snag was that no 'plane could land in these jag-toothed peaklands. They had to be moved quickly because the Germans were launching a new drive against the guerilla Partisans, but they still had to travel on foot to the coast.

One of Britain's underground diplomats, Lieut. Gavin Duffy, had recently parachuted into Albania and was deputed to act as their guide.

Radio plans were made for a rescue ship to meet them at the coast—and again they headed through rain and snow, up and down mountains.

But fatigue and sickness were taking a toll. Many of the party had dysentery, jaundice, even pneumonia. Progress was slow. Then they were awakened in a secret sleeping place one bleak dawn by the screams and crashes of dive-bombing.

*The enemy were wrecking a town—part of a round-up along the very roads they had hoped to take to the coast.*

Nothing for it but to return, more dead than alive, back to the Mission base. Nothing for it, then, but to make for a secret airfield even farther away than the coast, where they could be picked up by 'plane.

They dragged themselves through the weary days and miles. They reached the landing ground only to learn that Nazi tanks and troops were commanding it from the hills.

The prearranged Dakota transports flew round, escorted by a Wellington and eighteen Lightning fighters, but the fugitives did not dare give the prearranged signal to land.

**The 'planes circled doubtfully, then strafed a Nazi transport column—and flew away. One of the nurses admits that she wept.**

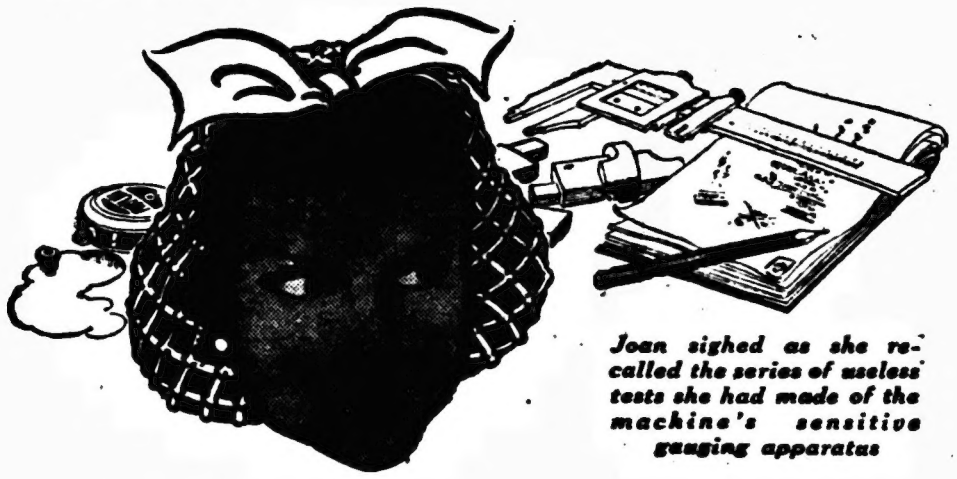
All through Christmas they stayed in hiding. Once a town greeted them with a welcome parade and took their photographs—hence the reward placards when some of the pictures fell into enemy hands.

Then, by an alternative road, they had another try at the coast. It meant a 27-hour forced march. It meant that three sick nurses had to be left behind.

## NO HALF-MEASURE

Headed away from Albania at last in a British motor-launch, the liberated twenty-seven found the joy of their escape was darkened by the thought of the three left behind.

They needn't have worried. Lieut. Gavin Duffy never does a job by half—and the three nurses also are now recovering in Cairo.



*Joan sighed as she recalled the series of useless tests she had made of the machine's sensitive gauging apparatus*

# Sabotage in the Sunshine

## This Week's Short Story

"YOU have been sabotaging the whole output of the factory, Miss Harper." The manager's voice was angry, but with an underlying note of disappointment, and Joan, in spite of her inner fury, could not help feeling that he had had to work himself up deliberately to be so unkind.

"And now," he added bitterly, "there is the business of this light showing from the roof. I can't possibly overlook these things. I don't know what I am going to tell the Air Ministry, but . . ."

"You may tell them what you choose!" Joan spoke fiercely, with a sudden flash of independence. "As I'm to be condemned unheard, then that's an end of it." And before the manager could reply, the door of his office had closed decisively behind a rigid back and a proudly carried head of titian hair.

Joan walked straight out of the factory and along the road which led through the woods. It was a long way to the village—the secret factory had been built in an isolated position, screened by woodland, and was served only twice a day by special 'bus—but she welcomed the breathing space for regaining her composure before she reached home. And, anyway, it was a beautiful Spring day, with the sun shining warmly, as it had shone for more than a week now, on the sleepy countryside.

As she turned out of the woods into the lane which wound upward to the ridge before tilting again to the village in the next valley, the freshness of things growing soothed her mind to a calm survey of the events which had led to this morning's unpleasant interview in the manager's office.

It was, she recalled, just over a week ago that she had begun to turn out a batch of duds in each day's output. Her particular machine—it was the most important and delicately adjusted in the factory, working to limits finer than those imposed on watchmakers—was in a locked room in which only she and Janet Claymore, her night-shift counterpart, were allowed to work. And the trouble was that Janet had managed to maintain a faultless output from the same machine.

Joan sighed as she recalled the series of useless tests she had made of the machine's sensitive gauging apparatus—which seemed always maddeningly correct; and of the controlled temperature of the air-conditioned room—which never varied.

Nothing had seemed to bring her any nearer to finding the source of the trouble. And as if that were not enough, there were other circumstances. . . .

One was the fact that she could not trust Janet.

The whole village knew how shamelessly Janet had thrown herself at Dudley Lambert's head before the announcement of his engagement to Joan. And Janet had taken her defeat badly.

So Joan had scarcely been surprised, though bitterly resentful, when her run of bad production had been seized on by Janet to spread by innuendo a nasty little rumour of deliberate sabotage.

And then had come the second blow—the event which had brought matters to a head: the arrival yesterday of an official from the Air Ministry.

For a week past, it appeared, flight reconnaissance pilots had reported a brilliant pinpoint of light in the vicinity, and only now had it been tracked to the factory.

The close search which followed had revealed the fault to be a tiny hole in the blackout paint which covered the inside of the glass roof over the room in which Joan worked.

This, on top of the deliberately fostered earlier rumour, had pointed such a finger of guilt at Joan that she had felt momentarily much as an inoffensive animal must feel in a trap

And Janet, needless to say, had not lost the opportunity of pointing out that Joan did not work on the night shift, when bombers might be overhead!

JOAN'S troubled eyes at this point were caught by the gleam of primroses in the long grass of the hedge bank, and she bent to pick a few tucking them into the buttonhole of her olive-green costume before walking on up the hill.

She flushed as she recalled a conversation she had overheard in the cloakroom yesterday afternoon. It had made dreadfully clear to her the fact that the girls, at all events, had no doubt of her guilt. And now, this morning, it had almost seemed as if the manager, too. . . .

She had reached the ridge, and paused a moment to look down on the slate and thatch roofs of the village. Beyond them, and standing a little apart in a fold of the hills, was her own home. Her mother, she knew, would be worried to see her come home like this in the middle of the day, and more worried still when she learned the cause of it.

Joan clenched her fists and began to descend the hill. She was about half way down when she reached the decision to wire for Dudley. She knew his work as a research scientist was vital—but so was her character!

She stopped at the village post office to dispatch an urgently worded telegram, and then went on through the village and up the lane leading to her home, wondering what Dudley's reaction would be.

His reaction proved to be of angry determination.

He reached the village early in the evening, and, having heard Joan's story, swore to get to the bottom of the trouble however long it took him.

Dudley began his self-imposed task, characteristically, by going direct to the manager the next morning and demanding, on the strength of his government credentials, complete access to the machine.

And as people in general—even managers of important factories—had a habit of acceding to demands made by Dudley Lambert, he soon found himself alone in the little room in which Joan had worked for so long.

There was, he noticed, as he locked himself in, a suspicion of perfume lurking on the conditioned air, and it stirred a faint memory which, for a few moments, refused to focus.

It was as he stepped towards the machine that he placed the scent as a ghost of the somewhat strident variety used by Janet Claymore, clinging tenaciously to the room after her night's work there.

AND that took his mind to the possibilities of sabotage by proxy, as it were.

Joan had voiced her fears in this direction during the long talk he had had with her and her mother the previous night, and now he began a meticulous examination of the machine.

One by one he went over the glittering rods, cams, and levers, the jewelled bearings, and the delicate, hair-like intricacies of the automatic gauging apparatus, checking and rechecking them with a pair of micrometer callipers, and working out the results in an abstruse medley of figures which he scrawled over a pad on the bench by his side.

Presently he straightened up, standing for a moment scratching the side of his nose with a worried finger.

The figures were 100 per cent. correct.

He began again, and an hour later had reached precisely the same conclusion.

If he couldn't find what he was looking for by calculation, he'd find it by trial and error!

Picking up a small ingot of unfinished metal, he fixed it in position in the bed designed for it. Gently easing over a lever, he listened intently to the smooth hum of the machine as it ascended the scale, eventually steadying itself on a single, purring note.

Then he moved a switch, and the cutting and polishing tools took charge of the piece of metal, transforming it by some species of wizardry into a finished thing of scientific and mechanical beauty.

Quickly he measured the various angles with the callipers.

The finished part was perfect.

With a sigh, Dudley picked up another ingot, settled it into its bed, and moved the switch.

The whirring tools took over again. . . .

Forty-seven perfect finished parts lay tidily stacked on the bench at Dudley's side.

As he wielded the callipers with the swift sureness of an expert on the forty-eighth part, his hand suddenly paused, and his brows contracted.

HE tried again, three separate ways.

Then he transferred his attention and the callipers to the delicate gauging apparatus.

The result brought a gleam to his eye, and hurriedly he reached for another ingot. As it emerged from the business end of the machine he was ready with the callipers again, and their reading this time caused his eyebrows to lift as if jerked up by invisible wires.

After a quarter of an hour, the callipers showed a measurement of the sixtieth finished part which brought another sudden contraction of his brows, and an added glint to his eye.

Thereafter, successive tests added to the steadily piling evidence of a very curious train of occurrences.

Later, having tabulated the figures of his readings, Dudley switched off the machine and began to pace up and down the short length of matting which covered the floor of the room.

Presently he deliberately shelved the problem. He would think for a time of something else, to give his brain a rest. What, now, could he . . .?

Yes, of course! That light showing from the roof. He'd just look into that. It would take his mind off the machine, and then he could return, refreshed, to the main puzzle. . . .

The following evening, Dudley, having spent a second afternoon on the machine, told Joan to be ready to go to the factory with him after lunch to-morrow.

He took her up by the familiar lane and through the woods to the factory, where they were shown straight into the office which Joan had left so abruptly three mornings ago.

This time, the manager's manner, as he rose to greet them, was tentatively apologetic and not a little unhappy.

"I gather that Mr. Lambert is going to give us some sort of demonstration, Miss Harper," he said. "I don't quite know. . . ." His voice trailed off awkwardly, and Joan gave him a reassuring smile before the three of them made their way to the little room in which she had worked so happily until this horrible sabotage business had started.

"By the way," Dudley remarked when he had locked them in. "I quite forgot to mention it, but that business of the hole in the roof was caused by the sun shining on a flaw in the glass and flaking away the paint." He was removing his coat as he spoke, and now beckoned them towards the machine. "Concentrating on this," he explained, "drove the roof business out of my mind."

The manager looked obviously relieved, and turned with a wry smile to Joan. "I'm glad, Miss Harper," he said. "I apologise. It's no excuse, I know, but I was very, very worried, and . . ." He left the sentence unfinished.

"Oh, never mind about that!" Dudley said impatiently. "This is what matters."

Glancing at his watch, he eased over the lever which started the hum of machinery, picked up an ingot, bedded it into place, moved the switch, and in a few moments handed the finished

## *Hope High and Godspeed!*

*TIMES are strange the going's tough, most folk feel they've had enough, of restraint and anxious tension, of things they may and may not mention. Of restrictions large and small, of doing things that fret and pall. But they know there's folk next door grumbling less and suffering more.*

*Times are grim and may be grimmer, everyone's an urgent swimmer in the swell of great events. Time strikes strange hours, fate folds queer tents, and nights and days are strangely blended, and will be so till war is ended.*

*TIMES are hard but what's it matter? For through the din and clash and clatter, ways are shaping which will lead us to the sides of those who need us. Then will come the hour we've fought for, then will dawn the answer sought for, when the world from war is freed. Until then—hope high, godspeed.—J. M.*

## By Harry Hearson

piece to the manager, together with the callipers.

The manager tested it, took the readings of the micrometer, and looked up at the young scientist. "Just under a thousandth on the wrong side," he announced.

Without replying, Dudley put half a dozen more ingots through the machine, then handed another finished part to him.

The manager went through the same series of measurements. "Good lord!" he ejaculated. "This one's nearly *three* thousandths out!"

Still without speaking, Dudley put another batch through, then handed successive parts to the manager, who, examining them one by one, grew obviously more puzzled with each wielding of the callipers. "Why," he said at last, "they're coming slowly back to normal."

"Exactly," said Dudley. "And to show you just why that should be, I've had to import some dust. There isn't any in this air-conditioned atmosphere." And stepping over to his coat, which hung from a peg on the door, he took a duster out of a pocket and flicked it vigorously in the air.

WATCHING the swirling specks of dust, Joan saw them steadily pick out and formulate the sharp edges of a pencil ray of sunlight, which she followed with her eyes upward to the tiny hole in the roof blackout, and down again to where its foot was just moving off the end of the automatic ranging apparatus of her machine.

"From about three o'clock to three-thirty each afternoon," said Dudley grimly, "this hot ray of sunshine travels over the gauge, expanding the delicate alloy. Before and after those times the gauge is dead true. It was the sun which was turning out duds for half an hour every afternoon—not Joan!"

The manager had the grace to blush.

# IT'S EASY TO DUPE A MINISTRY

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

DURING a criminal prosecution heard recently by Mr. Justice Humphreys it was disclosed that one of the men in the dock, an Executive Officer employed by the Ministry of Food, had a prison record.

"Was this known to the Ministry?" asked the judge.

"That is highly improbable," was the reply.

Mr. Justice Humphreys' question raises a vital problem. For recently there has been a disturbing crop of cases in which convicted people have secured important Government posts or work arising from official contracts.

Many of these cases have not been made public. But, because of my work as a crime investigator, I have learned a good deal about them.

### Only the Beginning!

For example, there's Mr. Charles Crellin, who until recently was very busy at an office in Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

**Since I referred to him a few months ago a lot of new information has reached me.**

**His whole story shows how easily a plausible man with a bad criminal record can gain the confidence of Government Departments through lack of proper investigation.**

Crellin has lately described himself as a "Consulting Naval Architect and Aircraft Designer." One of the most elaborate letter headings I have ever seen emphasises his varied and inimitable qualifications to the limit.

He is, for instance, referred to as the "Designer and Patentee of Crellin-Econoplan accommodation for ships, flats, hotels, yachts, aircraft, automobiles and railway carriages."

*Charles Crellin, self-styled author and designer, fooled a Government Department.*

But that is only the beginning.

He is—take a deep breath—the designer of the "Crellin Flying Boat and Aeroplane," "Crellin High Efficiency Wing," "Crellin High Efficiency Hull for Flying Boats, Ships and Motor Yachts," "Designer of Royal, semi-Royal and Private Rail Saloons," "Diesel and Diesel-Electric Rail Cars," and many other things.

Is that all? Not quite.

He is also shown as the author of numerous books relating to seafaring, flying, railroad, housing, and other kindred subjects.

Well, Government officials have taken Mr. Charles Crellin at his word. So today he owns a sheaf of letters from State Departments which have helped him greatly to delude people in various ways.

My records show that he has many past victims.

**Some of these people have parted with money; others have given him credit in the belief that he has Government backing and has been given a contract to build what is proposed to be the world's largest flying-boat.**

**Had the most elementary inquiry been made by any one of the Government offices concerned it could have been found that Crellin has been a rank impostor for years, has at least two sentences for fraud and about fifteen aliases, including one describing him as a peer of the realm.**

### Need for Investigation

Yet he actually secured a post in the Civil Service—and was so employed when he was arrested and convicted for offences under the Official Secrets Act and Defence Regulations!

The case was heard at the Old Bailey in secret, so all I know is that it concerned the misuse of official documents.

A recent complaint comes from a man induced to do a good deal of work for Crellin, and, unpaid, lent him money which he has been unable to get back.

Well, Crellin has been forced to leave his Strand office, where—you are invited to believe—he was working out the details of a new scheme for the welfare of people engaged in civil defence work!

He is, to sum up, an indefatigable impostor—and I'm glad to be able to publish—for the first time—a picture of him.

But his case is only one of many that illustrate the need for Ministry officials to scrutinise the references of such convincing and plausible talkers.

**Thus, I am receiving quite a number of inquiries about a supposed financier who, with a sentence of false pretences behind him, also managed to secure an important post not long ago with a Government Department.**

He is now interesting people in employment-with-investment propositions in the guise of a Government contractor.

In yet another case, a man who has been known to me for years by numerous aliases has now duped several fresh victims by posing as an aircraft designer with Government connections.

This man has been to prison on several occasions for fraud.

I have before me a list in which several firms enjoying Government contracts are really only trading names for people with criminal records.

So Mr. Justice Humphreys hit the nail right on the head. And Government Departments would do well to consider the question he raised.

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*F. G. Stratton, Wandle Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.*

*Letters relating to any suspected ramp or scandal will be made the subject of investigation if the facts warrant it. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## Heads He Wins, Tails You Lose

ONE is born every minute, they say. So there are always plenty of people gullible enough to believe racing tipsters who drop upon them from the blue and promise big profits from small outlays.

One of the latter is W. Banham, of Gillingham Street, Victoria, London, S.W.

Banham sends out unsolicited circulars in which he states he is in "receipt of information about dogs running at the Stamford Bridge, London, track."

For some time, his story goes, he has been backing these in forecast bets with amazing success, the winnings averaging 50s. for every 2s. staked.

Of course, he realises that he cannot go on indefinitely at such a rate, as continued success will shorten the odds on the track.

So, to overcome this difficulty, Banham has hit on a really bright idea.

All you have to do is to let him bet with your bookmaker in your name.

He will keep a quarter of your winnings, and, of course, control all the winnings; clients must remit at once when they lose.

It all sounds very thoughtful of Mr. Banham; but what he refrains from explaining is:

**How is he going to increase his "Amazing Success" betting on the right dogs and at the same time prevent the odds being shortened?**

★ ★ ★

In my opinion—and experts agree with me—his scheme is just another "Heads I win, tails you lose," one.

The authorities at Stamford Bridge Greyhound Stadium have no knowledge of any arrangement under which this man obtains the information he talks about.

Before I leave this subject let me add a word or two about one of the worst of all impudent racing schemers—Harold Johnson (now known as John H. Johnson, of "Red Roofs," Bourne End, Bucks, but notorious a few years ago as "J. Gower-Cavendish"), who is busy again.

In view of his long record—and I have a large dossier about his misdeeds in the JOHN BULL Library—I advise everyone to leave him alone.

## Both of Him Were in Kilts!

I LIKE dreams, because the dreams I dream are at their worst silly and at their best funny. There is never much sense in the dreams I dream when I'm asleep, but then there is not much sense in the things I see when I'm awake.

Looking at most things most men accomplish when they are up and doing, I think it might be just as well if they stayed asleep for the rest of their lives and went on dreaming.

★ ★ ★

Once in a dream I had a violent argument with myself in the middle of the road at Ealing Broadway. Both of me were dressed in kilts, and Charles Dickens, who had promised my uncle that he would not let me quarrel with myself, did nothing whatever to stop the row. He was busy going from shop to shop, trying to sell thirteen lead pencils for a penny.

Now, all this was a pure waste of my time, if only of my dream time. But if I'd been awake and getting on with things I might have been inventing the jitterbug or Form XXv259/sub.22GD for some weary taxpayer to fill up.

Some of the things that some of the chaps get up to are worse than dreams. They're nightmares. And since they don't go to sleep to have them somebody else has to have them, too.

My row with myself did no harm to anybody in Ealing Broadway, and it did no harm to Charles Dickens, whether he sold his pencils or not.

Whereas the fellow who had a wide-awake nightmare and perpetrated Boogie Woogie has much to answer for.

I think we were meant to dream our dreams in our sleep and get them out of our system.

It's people who don't sleep very soundly and have to dream their dreams when they're wide awake who land us with such things as Oxford Bags and Eton Crops, and that nightly wail the B.B.C. used to do under some such title as "And So To Bedlam."

I don't understand dreams and I don't try to. I just sit back and enjoy the show.

But there are people who find "meanings" in dreams. They are the kind of people who find "meanings" in anything. If you drop a hammer there's a "meaning" in it. On the other hand, if you *don't* drop a hammer there's a meaning in it.

There's probably a meaning in everything, but if you spend your life looking for meanings, one fine morning you discover you've spent your life.

Certain bright lads tell you that you have to reverse your dreams to get at the truth of them. If you dream you're going to be a king, it means you're really going to be a beggar.

Well, I don't know.

★ ★ ★

I once dreamt that I was the Queen of Hearts swimming through a sea of cocoa to take a message to one of the Western Brothers in the Eiffel Tower at West Kensington.

I don't know how you can turn that round.

Unless it means that one day I shall be the King of Hearts swimming through a sea of light ale to get a message to the other Western Brother in the Blackpool Tower at East Ham.

A. G.

# SUMMER 1944

AS, any day or almost any hour, we expected news of the Invasion, I walked through the centre of London, reflecting on some of the changes made by five years of war.

I can understand the sudden eruption of photographers' shops all over the place, because every soldier's mother must want a photograph of her son in uniform, and every soldier's wife must wish to be able to send her husband a picture of the baby.

More and more the West End looks like a fairground, with its cheapjack shops and its pin-table saloons. Never was so much muck being sold, while as for the pin-table dumps, which make a disgrace of Oxford Street, the Strand and Leicester Square, some of them are taking in pennies as much as £700 a week, and one or two even £1,000!

At last the words "American Bar" are aptly descriptive, for if you look inside some of them in the heart of London you will see that nearly all the drinking customers are American soldiers, apart from the girls they have picked up somewhere.

Leicester Square, indeed, might be Times Square, New York, for Times Square is a mixture of cinemas, dive-in lunch places and junk shops. The garden in the middle might be Union Square, so numerous are the Americans.

The two things that strike us about them are the number of medals and ribbons they wear and the way in which they squat on their haunches like miners in South Wales, or lean against posts as though they were whittling wood in some small-town Main Street.

But this Americanisation has gone on all over the country. Yankee soldiers and airmen are camped even in what are normally the most benighted areas. There they have mixed with our villagers—many thousands of them—and brought new ideas by the dozen to the most backward of minds.

As for the Negroes, they have arrived, to create here a score of most difficult problems, and to return one day with a keener urge, because of our lesser race prejudice, for enlightened freedom.

## CHANGING SPORT

For many months now our railings have all been down, so what were nice lawns are now downtrodden earth. If a nightingale went to Berkeley Square it would not know where to sing. In the parks the people must learn to keep to the paths because obviously the railings will never go back now.

Sport has become strange. So far as racing goes, the country is divided up into sections, each with local meetings, each a district outside which racehorses cannot travel, except for the Classics.

League football teams contain "visitors" who sometimes play against their own clubs, and soldiers and airmen quartered in the neighbourhood. So it is that Blackpool, largely the R.A.F., has pushed Arsenal out of place.

In cricket, we have minor Test matches because of the Australian airmen still here. Then the Americans are teaching us baseball and softball, both of which apparently have come to stay.

Woman's claims for equality are much more insistent, this because of her incursion into industry. The demand for "the same rate for the same job" has been nearly won. The war will have given woman her right to a proper place in the professions.

It has already forced on our rulers the recognition, at least in a White Paper, of the claim for "social security" and dragged out of their reluctance a slightly better kind of education for the masses. Its effect on legislation of the future will be profound.

For nearly five years soldiers have been "talking things over" during the "phoney war," at first in training camps and, after that, all over the Middle East and in India—and on thousands of warships and merchantmen. Britain, whatever the upper classes may think, is sick for ever of the "Give 'em cake" kind of remedies. Men and women now want their Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

At least half the seaside towns are dead and ruined. In them, hundreds of hotels and thousands of apartment houses have been sold up to pay the rates or the overdraft at the bank.

## LESS HERO WORSHIP

And in many places there has been assembling for weeks the most powerful, the best-armed and the most intelligent army we have ever possessed. The ignorant "foot-slogger" of the days of Kipling's boasting has been replaced by a trained craftsman, a skilled mechanic, a highly efficient artisan. He resents the saluting mania and the blanco bunk.

As for our leaders, "Monty" is the most popular of our generals and Alexander the most respected. Cunningham is the best-known admiral. "Bomber Harris" fills, in the public imagination, the place once held by Portal, and by Dowding, who won the Battle of Britain before him.

But hero-worship was ten times more fervid in the Boer War!

In statesmanship, Churchill remains the only possible Premier in sight, although he has recently lost prestige because of his lack of understanding of the public mind. His surprise at the unfavourable reception of his praise of Franco proved how much he is out of touch. Without him, Toryism is dead; but Labour has been too loyal to its commitments to seize the opportunity.

The calmness of our national criticism of the Government, however, is a sign of our great confidence in ourselves. We rose to our supreme height as a people in 1940; and we have not forgotten it, however much other nations may have done so. We know, now, that in any crisis we can respond to the call, never mind how insistent its urgency, as an undivided people.

So it is with a great calm that we hear woemongers magnify the stories of juvenile delinquency, tell us of how divorce is breaking up the home, and bleat warnings about how Sabbath-breaking will bring about a judgment.

We did not notice, in the days of the Terror by Night, that the pious were any braver or more self-sacrificing than the ones they despised as sinners. Indeed, we learned that, when the real test came, there was good in the worst of us, and faults in the best.

We have learned, since September, 1939, many things. Our streets may be drab and lacking in paint; but the humanity of Dickens still walks in them. Our food may be monotonous; but is much more fairly shared. Our clothes may be old-fashioned; but they cover the bodies of a resolute people.

We look on the past, indeed, without regret—and on the future with a quiet confidence.

# VOICE OF

*SPY-HUNT in Italy provides a dramatic extract from a letter written by L/Cpl. W. Lowley, Provost Company, to his brother-in-law at Queen's Road, Banbury, Oxon:*

That night a light had been seen flashing from a house across the bridge and we had orders to get busy. Clothes and rubber slippers were hastily put on, loaded magazines were clipped into Tommy-guns, and out into the moonlit street trooped sixteen overcoated soldiers.

Keeping in the shadows, we stole past heaps of rubble that had once been houses; all was quiet, but for the occasional crack of our twenty-five pounders in the distance.

The route led through a square and a dark, narrow street which rose in a series of short steps. The pace was hot and by now the men's breathing had become loud.

Can you see the scene?

Our guns start a tattoo; vivid flashes of white light up the houses, balconies, steps and porches over dark doorways.

Someone calls a halt. The house we want is 100 yards away. The group is split into three parties—two of four each to surround the house, and eight to enter. A password is coined: "Eggs"; answer, "Bacon."

Now we are for it! Eight men glide forward. The guns in the valley are grumbling with loud, angry voices. The men left behind finger their guns and eager eyes search the gabled roof of the house in search of movement.

Once again a light flashes its message.

The advancing figures are now at the heavy front door. There are no axes to break it open, but two short bursts from a Tommy-gun smash the massive lock.

The door swings inwards; a torch shows a stone-flagged passage and staircase. Running feet leap up the stairs; a stream of frightened Italians come through a doorway at a sharp command.

One more flight of stairs and as a door is burst open a tall figure doubles and then leaps towards the balcony. There is the sharp voice of the Tommy-gun, the figure falls as it reaches the balcony—and a spy is dead.

Our search brings to light a beautifully made signalling light, with connecting wires running to the adjoining room. Then follows the questioning of the other occupants of the house.

So the job is done, fags are lit and sixteen men retrace their steps back to the billet.

## Rats on Parade

*Rats in the billet may not encourage "bats in the belfry," but some of the troops in Italy do get mad about these vermin. Sgm. W. Hughes writes to his mother at Foundry Street, Barrow-in-Furness:*

Our billets are comfortable and we share them with large numbers of rats and mice; hundreds of them, and a cheeky lot they are, running about as if they owned the place.

We provide them with grain, liberally laced with rat poison, but they seem to thrive on it, and come back for more. We put out meals of this mixture twice a day and the little devils squeak their thanks.

They come out in great strength when things are quiet, and the other day, when our driver was lying still and peaceful on his bed, he saw six of them (almost as large as rabbits, he said) climb into his wash-tin.

Two of us, myself and the electrician, have both had the unpleasant experience of feeling mice running round in our hair. Since then we have had close haircuts!

Last night one of the boys swore he'd seen the rats come out on parade, but without a band—they did a route march round the room in full marching order—but he had been drinking some of the local "Vino."

What happened was that the rats organised a steeplechase meeting with my bed as the chief obstacle. However, we might have much worse troubles.

## Romantic Laundress

*An Italian marriage proposal is recorded by Spr. N. R. Spencer, R.E., C.M.F., in a letter to his wife at Bedford Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead:*

Everybody in these parts seems to take in washing, and I take mine to a house in which lodges a nice girl of eighteen, who is a schoolmistress.

The other evening I called for my laundry, which was not ready, so I chatted with the girl. We talked and talked, and then to my astonishment she blurted out: "Will you marry me on Sunday?"

That was a facer! I said that I couldn't, as I had promised to go to a dance, and that you might object! At this she seemed quite peeved, but later brightened up. We are still friends, and I still go to the house to collect my laundry.

Human Machine

## YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR OUTLOOK

I am going to tell you something that is worth many, many pounds. I am going to tell you the secret of doing a dull job well.

I am going to tell you how to do things you detest, how to do yourself justice in face of all sorts of difficulties, how to see a thing through to the end, how to overcome that natural reluctance to doing anything at all that is part of our very complex and often irritating human heritage.

It is the secret, too, of how to overcome that fatal tendency to put things off that we all have.

It's all too fatally easy to pretend that to-morrow will do. It's all too simple to kid ourselves that it doesn't matter whether we do something or not.

Well, here you are. All you have to do is to forget you are yourself, and imagine that you are just someone else who has been hired to do the job.

You must, of course, play fair with yourself. You must *really* imagine it.

You must get right into the skin of that someone else, and you must not only imagine yourself as anxious to please the person who is going to pay you, but you must take a proper pride in the work you are doing.

You must also get it right into your head that whether you have a job to-morrow depends on the sort of job you do to-day.

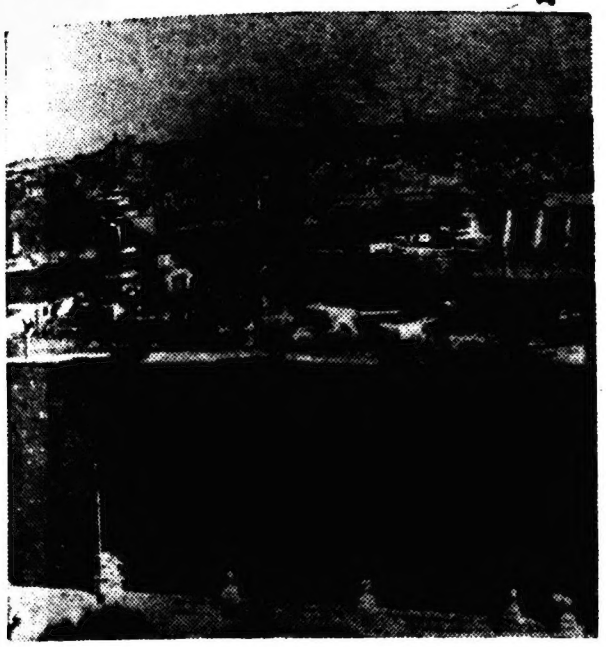
You must, in fact, develop the pride and satisfaction that any skilled craftsman has in his work.

If you practise getting into that frame of mind, you will be astounded at the difference it makes in your outlook.

The dullest job becomes interesting. The hardest job merely becomes a challenge to skill.

You probably don't believe this. You quite likely think it's silly. The test is very simple. Try it out—and see.

# THE TROOPS



*Good fun and bananas await the lads going ashore at Malta*

*When the Fleet puts in at Malta, the men are soon lining up for the Liberty boat, determined to find their own fun on shore. AB/R. G. Charles, H.M.S. ——, writes to his mother at Cosley Road, Countesthorpe, nr. Leicester:*

Now that we are in port, I am doing a lot of swimming. We are allowed an hour at a time, but the water is so tepid and pleasant that you could stay in for hours.

Last night, when we went ashore, we were allowed two bottles of beer per man, and not bad beer, either. We found our way to a near-by village, where we soon made friends and started to learn the language!

Plenty of bananas, coconuts, pineapples and grapes, all very tasty, and I am sorry that I can't send some home. However, I hope to bring home a dried banana skin just to show you that they are still the same shape!

## This is Important

*"Don't forget to write often" is the frequent request in letters from the men serving in India to those at home. Pte. R Boyd, India Command, writes to his parents at St. James's Avenue, Beckenham, Kent:*

The mail from home is just about the most important event that happens out here, and a notice goes up in the local post-office the day before it is due to arrive.

Then everybody goes about smiling expectantly until it arrives, but the disappointment of some of the lads when there are no letters for them in the mail is really pathetic.

There is a moral in this for the people at home. They should write regularly and often; it's the least they can do to cheer up the lads who are a long way from home.

## 'Ware Baboons!

*Baboons are unwelcome visitors to the men serving in the wild places of India, but when a bear strolled in during the night there was added excitement. The story is told by L.A.C. H. L. Morris in a letter to his mother at Milton Road, Wimbledon, London:*

We had been here only a few days when we had a little scare. There were reports of baboons in the locality, and one chap swore that he had seen one of these animals pounce on a dog. In fact, we all became baboon-conscious.

Well, this morning at three o'clock we were awakened by a fellow calling out loudly for help, and when we urged him to pipe down he shouted that there was a large animal on his bed.

His nearest neighbour in the hut flashed a torch and saw a great furry animal moving off. Through sleepy eyes I saw it, too, and we all said, "Ah, baboons!"

Meanwhile, the alarmist would not be quiet. He said that the animal had not only eaten his boots but had started to eat him!

We thought this a bit exaggerated, but we jumped out of bed, grabbed rifles and prepared for action. Now, in the dim light we saw that the animal, now standing on his hind legs in the doorway, was a bear, and he seemed to be smiling at us!

None of us had the heart to fire a shot, so we locked him up. This was just as well, because very soon a man from the next group came in to tell us that the mascot of his squadron—a bear—was missing!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● Many firms pay wages only on Friday afternoons. This means that night workers have to make special journeys, often ten or twenty miles, to get their pay. It should be a simple matter for pay packets to be given out when the night shift goes on duty, so saving time and needless journeys.—"Night Worker," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

We are asked to save almost everything from paper to money, but why not save the energy of the Home Guards by cutting useless parades? Many men doing a heavy day's work have to attend mid-week parades; we don't object to Sunday duty, but mid-week parades for tired men don't make sense.—"Home Guard," Leeds.

★ ★ ★

In many hospitals the waste of food due to bad cooking is appalling. Competent cooks directed into the hospital service would save tons of food—and earn patients' gratitude.—"H. N.," London, N.13.

★ ★ ★

If flats are to be built as a post-war measure, the "we are determined to have no children" couples should be taken out of State-subsidised houses and put into flats, leaving the houses for people with children.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Mother with one child had notice to start work on Monday. Taking child to day nursery, was told to see Health Office official before child could be admitted. Said official could only be seen on Fridays! So one week's work lost to the war effort by red tape.—Mrs. Horsfall, Oldham, Lancs.

# Problem of the Man Who Loses Faith

ONE reader is wondering why some people seem to be born optimists and others born pessimists, and asks if it is due to education.

**My wife and I have always looked at the bright side of things,** he writes. Even **when everything was against us we never lost faith. But our eldest son, who has been to college and done well in all his examinations, seems to have no faith in anything.**

**He was always clever. We denied ourselves a great many things to give him the good start he deserved, and now we are beginning to doubt whether it was worth it. I can't argue with him; he has ten times the book learning I ever had; he is convinced that the whole human race is heading for disaster and that nothing can save us.**

**He can worst me in argument every time, but there is some little spark of faith deep down within me that can't be put out. I won't let it.**

**My wife feels the same way. But our son laughs at us and says we live on delusions. The whole thing has got me baffled, and I should like to know what you think about it.**

Three ideas occurred to me as I thought over that letter: (1) A man can be a pessimist in the morning and an optimist at night (or *vice versa*); (2) a man's attitude to life depends on physical factors—his liver or his glands—rather than upon his accumulation of knowledge; (3) the man who has had a tough struggle against enormous odds often emerges an optimist, whereas the man who has always had an easy life becomes pessimistic and cynical.

Compare the story of Job with the writer of "Ecclesiastes," whose philosophy was summed up in the words: "All is vanity."

## HANDICAPPED BUT BRAVE

Compare Charles Dickens with Lord Byron, who felt that life was not worth living.

There is something splendid in human nature that shows itself only when things are at their worst. I imagine that the young man mentioned in the letter has never really suffered enough to discover its existence.

I wish the father had written several months earlier. I should have urged him to see the film of "Thunder Rock." It is probably too late now, but other readers who remember it will see what I mean. It is the best answer I know to the problem of the man who loses faith.

A woman reader has told me the story of her life—a hard life of incessant self-sacrifice.

She has gone year after year without a single day's holiday, and she rarely has time to sit down for a meal. She has nursed invalids through distressing illnesses without a word of gratitude, and, badly though she needs it, she cannot get any help.

**It's a bigger problem than I can tackle, she says. People just won't be bothered doing what I've done. Some days I feel I can't bear to go downstairs to face the day that lies before me.**

**But then I say "Count your blessings"—and count your troubles, too. Put them side by side and you'll find that your blessings make a higher heap.**

The letter is far too long to quote It would fill the entire page. But the passage quoted above is significant.

*A man who lost his faith in the world found it in the lighthouse of "Thunder Rock"*

The writer has her troubles in excess, but she is not so wrapped up in considering her misfortunes that she cannot see the compensations.

**Whenever I meet a person who grumbles about some minor inconvenience suffered because of the war,** writes a man, **I immediately think of a crippled woman who lives near here.**

**She was born with only one finger, yet a more good-natured and industrious person would be hard to find. Despite her handicaps she has displayed remarkable determination and has long been acclaimed a skilled needlewoman! She makes clothes that put the efforts of other women to shame.**

**A friend of mine was brought up in a shed in a field. He never learnt to read or write, had to do any job that came his way (keeping a wary eye open for the school attendance officer), and often had to face a father in a drunken temper.**

**This man, confronted by his own ignorance at every turn of the road, now runs his own business, has secured a Government contract against keen competition, owns a house, and, best of all, is happily married with four lovely children.**

**It is human nature, I suppose, to grumble at irksome conditions and trifling annoyances, but shouldn't we all be happier if, instead of whining about our misfortunes, we compared our lot with others who have won through against such huge odds?**

One idea has recurred through all these letters—namely, that people who have small cause to grumble often yell more loudly than those who have greater reason to complain.

## THEY CAN ENDURE

Ask any doctor what kind of people shout the hardest about their troubles; ask any nurse in a hospital where the finest courage is to be found; ask any priest or clergyman who has worked among the poor whether the spirit of optimism has been quenched by their misfortunes.

I sometimes wonder which is the greater cause for surprise—the fortitude that burns like a bright flame in hopeless surroundings, or the cries of misery that come from people who don't know when they are well off.

**★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

**BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE**

**52 WATERLOO CUP WINNERS** have been conditioned on BENBOW'S Give it to *your* dog whatever his breed or age. Benbow's has a very gentle action and can safely be given to any dog at any season. It is entirely free from harmful drugs and is readily assimilated because it is *liquid*.

*At Chemists & Corn Merchants.*

**Keep YOUR Dog fit on Benbow's.**

Shoe repairs take a long time, are costly and leather today is of inferior quality. But you can

**SAVE SOLES**

by dressing them with **SOLITAIRE SOLE LEATHER DRESSING** which feads, nourishes and makes leather impervious to wet. MAKES SOLES LAST MUCH LONGER. Easy to use—not messy—no foot marks. Money refunded if not satisfied.

**Price 1/- per bottle from Shoe Shops Stores and Grocers.**

*Manufactured by*

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

**SOLITAIRE SOLE LEATHER DRESSING**

**BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER**

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

**PERRY**

COASTER

**BRAKE HUB**

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

*Please apply to your dealer or factor.*

*for natural pedalling*

# LAUGH LAST

G. R. (Chelmsford).—"A sword-swallower has written the story of his life." It appears that he wouldn't have entered the profession at all but for an impresario happening to notice his technique with a knife and green peas.

G. L. (Acton).—"In a recent case it was described how two detectives signalled to each other in a restaurant by sneezing." This might be described as a code in the nose.

S. C. (Fulham).—"A humorous writer once said an Englishman's greatest ambition is to get a railway compartment to himself." Well, he has long had to give up the ambition to get a home to himself.

B. B. (Pimlico).—"Supposing after the war we were to send all our women out to the colonies, what would follow?" The men.

SIDESMAN (Sunderland). — "I don't agree with our curate that the sermon is the most important part of a service." You think it is the collection?

L. P. (Crewe).—"My son is one who always wins a smile and a cheery word from the man in his company, an infantry company." We take it he is the cook.

N. P. (Sevenoaks).—"A man never forgets his first love." And never lets his wife forget her.

B. B. (Totnes).—"Dolls seem to be getting scarcer and scarcer." Yes, they are being eliminated largely by uniforms.

MA (Sheffield).—"Before my boy was in the Army I had to call him up six or seven times before he would move." But the Army authorities only called him up once—and he went.

G. G. (Liverpool).—"I wonder what those who call this a war to end wars will call the next one?" A war to end peace.

A. S. (Pontefract).—"A young man courting should make a point of trying to see his girl as he may see her after marriage." But he will not find it easy to catch her napping.

D. C. (Motherwell).—"One of the worst features of the war is our meagre rations which are wearing us down." (See letter below.)

MRS. C. (Motherwell).—"During the past sixteen months my husband has increased in weight by almost 2 stone." (See letter above.)

**OLD BILL:** BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

*"Thought what you said 'bout not swearin' at Church Parade to-day was top 'ole, Padre. Best —— sermon as I ever —— well 'eard!"*

## Side-Slips

COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—". . . TRAPS are allowed to sleep in the BADS when trainees go home for a week-end . . ."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—". . . told him she pulled up behind other CATS and did not know she was on the wrong side or on a crossing."

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"If the local authorities have an answer to the muddle, a fairly substantial body of RATE-PAWERS await its submission."

CUMBERLAND EVENING NEWS:—"'We must pass through this vale of EARS, and only at its end will we find the great reward.'"

## GREATEST OF THESE

● Eric Jepson served his country for three years in the Coldstream Guards before he was discharged on medical grounds.

He underwent a major operation, and as soon as he was fit he started work. But this lasted only ten days. He came home one evening to find that his wife was to be taken away for observation. A few days later she was admitted to a mental home as incurable.

The doctor thinks that Jepson may be sufficiently recovered from this shock to return to work in a month. But meanwhile he has to live and to keep his two small children—the eleven-months-old baby girl is critically ill—on a disability pension of under £1 a week.

*Eric Jepson*

Rent alone takes 10s. 6d., and because of unavoidable arrears he is threatened with expulsion from the little home in Burnley, Lancashire, which has grown shabby and comfortless.

Will you help to provide much-needed assistance for this ex-Guardsman and his family and the many similar cases on our books? Donations are pooled and allocated at the discretion of the committee.

Please send as generous a gift as you can afford to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We meet all administrative expenses ourselves and are pleased to send a list of subscriptions on request. Donations will be acknowledged, and anonymous contributions are also most welcome.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**First Prize £200—"BULLETS" 1,427**
**T. G. Godfrey, 91, Evington Rd., Leicester, for this "Bullet":—**

**COMING PROBLEM**
**BEATING GERMANY? BEATEN GERMANY!**

**£20:** L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Manchester.
**Our Little Nipper—Part of "Pincers," Now.**

**£10:** T. A. Taylor, 4A, Morice Square, Devonport.
**Preparing For Battle—Discussing Dunkirk? Dieppe? Derby!**

**£5:** H. Welch, 28, Copthorne Ave., Bromley.
**Still With Us—"Blind Spectators"—"Dumb" Talkers.**

**£4:** T. Archer, 13, Woodland Ave., Quarry Bank.
**This Time—Let Fallen "Sleep Peacefully"!**

**£2:** D. H. Jones, 6, Cumberland Rd., Newport, Mon.
**Mrs. Grundy—Nose Shines—Shoes. Nines!**

**£2:** H. Townley, 11, George St. W., Stockton.
**Our Little Island—"Pulsating"—Germany, Simply "Shaking."**

**£10 GOLD WATCHES** See Offer Next Page

**38s.:** J. Goodfellow, 46, Elderslie St., Gateshead.
**This Time—Different—Right** *Hon.* **Sirth.**

**36s.:** R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stratford.
**Still With Us—Monty. But "Watch Out"!**

**34s.:** Nurse A. E. Glover, 6, Rossmore Ave., Lr. Parkstone.
**Makes Everybody Fork—Out. Seeing Tommy's "Spadework."**

**32s.:** C. E. Birdseye, 123, Moorside Rd., Bromley.
**Preparing For Berlin—Entry—Tommy's Learning** *Russian!*

**30s.:** W. Owend, 10, Lee St., Preston.
**At Auntie's Whist Drive—Command Won "First"—Bedsocks!**

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

**OVER 220 PRIZES**
**WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 169**

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the following LETTERS in order B—H—K—D entered by 9 competitors who thus share £25:—A. Brotherton, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough; Campbell, 82, Wavertree Road, London, S.W.2; Mrs. D. Dowling, 36, Aubrey Road, Bristol, 4; W. Elliott, 2, Council Cottages, Milford, Lichfield; K. Freeman, 168, Fieldhouse Road, Sheffield; Birmingham; Pte. W. Frost, R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain; L. Jones, 2, Frankby Road, Cheshire; Sgt. D. Mackey, Somewhere-in-Burma; Mrs. F. J. Roberts, 38, Maud Street, New Basford, Nottingham.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 23 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order allowed; Runners-up Awards for 182 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

Aspirin with a Difference

*Whenever* you need an aspirin, take an *ALASIL Tablet*. Known to and prescribed by the medical and dental professions for several years, Alasil Tablets have now been made available to the public and are obtainable everywhere.

Alasil Tablets act in the quickest possible time, and far from having any unpleasant after-effects, they actually soothe the stomach and counteract any acidity which may be causing digestive trouble. Thus you quickly experience relief from pain without any reactions. These unusual and beneficial properties are due to the fact that each Alasil Tablet contains, in combination with the purest aspirin, a proportion of Alocol—a powerful gastric sedative and antacid.

Alasil Tablets are harmless and are not habit-forming. *There is definitely no substitute for Alasil.*

*Take ALASIL for:—*
Headache, Colds, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Lumbago, Sciatica, Periodic Pains, Sleeplessness.

6d. *in Cartons.* *In Bottles* 1/11½

ABS

*Excuse me—*
*so much depends on*
*INNER CLEANLINESS*

Your health, looks and spirits improve when you make Inner Cleanliness with Andrews your first health rule. See how Andrews cleanses: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach, neutralises acidity. *THEN*, it tones up the liver, and *FINALLY*, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

**ANDREWS**

TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING

*Family size tin 2/-*

**Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.**

44-14

It cleans efficiently All types of
**DENTURES**

The use of denture powder and brush for cleaning artificial teeth has proved completely satisfactory in practice, and should become a regular habit, especially after meals, in the interests of hygiene.

KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER* is as *harmless* to the new "plastic" bases as it is to metal and vulcanite, yet it effectively removes all food debris and stains. From all chemists—1/3.

**KOLYNOS**
**DENTURE POWDER**

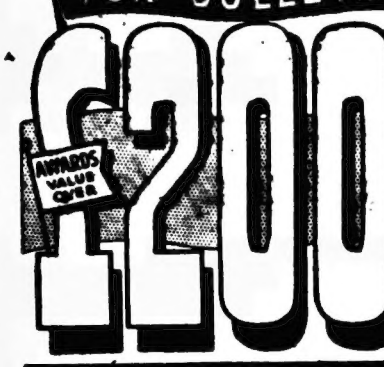
Also, where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE* makes false teeth fit firmly—1/3 & 2/6

**CHAFING**

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. *2/10 & 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores.*

**Cuticura**
OINTMENT

**MORE DOUBLE PRIZES**
FOR "BULLETS"




£10 GOLD WATCHES

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£4 £3 £2
38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-
50 of 5/- 1000 MERIT AWARDS

£50 plus £25 RADIO
FIRST PRIZE

MAKING good use of a few spare moments, you can be amongst this week's winners of cheques, Radio, Gold Watches, Postal Orders, and numerous other Awards.

For the simple and amusing little job of fitting together a few ordinary words, substantial cheques have been won by many *John Bull* readers new to this *Bullets* Contest—why shouldn't you follow them?

Post your coupon below by Monday, June 19.

## HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, a Greenock entrant selected from a recent list the *Example*, DAY WE INVADE. Upon that *Example* was built the First Prize *Bullet*, DAY WE INVADE—TRUSTING IN "BEING UNSEEN."

You could have made that *Bullet*, so you can win a prize this week—*if you will but try!*

**ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW**

**RULES** 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

| | |
|---|---|
| FATE OF THE WORLD | CHANGED EVERYTHING |
| THIS WAR | BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT |
| ONCE MORE | AUNTIE'S CAT |
| FOOLS BELIEVE | SICKENING THUD |
| BATTLE OF ANNIHILATION | HEAVEN HELP HITLER WHEN |
| HARD CASH | |
| OUR DOCTORS | |
| IN THE TRAIN | |
| FULL EMPLOYMENT | |
| WHEN YOU THINK | |
| PROFITABLE BUSINESS | |
| MUST BE STOPPED | |
| BELLE OF THE FACTORY | |
| WINNING THROUGH | |
| HOME TO MOTHER | |

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

NOW HE'S GOT.....
ASKING FOR.....
ONE OF THE .....
TALKING ABOUT .....
TAKES A .....
THAT.....FEELING

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 1. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address.....
.....

**2 FREE BULLETS** allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS", No. 1,431

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY MONDAY, JUNE 19

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,431—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Please give an
**EXTRA PENNY**
a week to the Red Cross
**PENNY-A-WEEK FUND**

Supporting the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross & St. John Fund
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

This national figure is the symbol of all that is best in Tobacco manufacture—Player's Navy Cut.

*Player's Please*

Max. Controlled Price 8½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

*"Shopping in war-time would be almost beyond me without this cycle . ."*

"THAT'S how I feel about it, too. Before the war, a woman shopped where she wished. Nowadays, she has to shop where she can. And some of the shops I have to go to, my dear, are *miles* apart! But I hardly notice it on my 'Rudge.' What is more, shopping on a cycle saves all that exhausting bag-carrying. I'm sure I feel fitter, too, since cycling. Don't you?"

**You too, should ride a—**

# RUDGE

***Britain's Best Bicycle***

RUDGE-WHITWORTH LTD · LENTON · NOTTINGHAM

Rg.N.3b



# 'Ware rats (cornered)!

As our offensive intensifies, any desperate measures by the enemy are possible. There is always the danger of sudden onslaught from the air — any time, anywhere. So keep prepared against fire, particularly during the next few months.

## What do I do . . . ?

I keep my loft or attics clear of everything except fire-fighting gear (remembering that any paper or cardboard turned out is wanted for salvage).

If my house is left unoccupied for some time I leave inner doors unlocked, curtains drawn back and turn off the gas and electricity at the mains. I tell the Street Fire Party Leader where he can get the key of the house.

I always make absolutely sure that my stirrup pump, if I have one, is in working order, and I keep it handy with buckets or tins full of water.

*Issued by the Ministry of Information*

***Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society***

**SPEAK TO ME THORA!** Maddening to hear your neighbour's set blazing away when your own has gone on strike. If your set is a Murphy you can cheer up because we'll see you're looked after. But first try to locate the trouble. Maybe you can put it right yourself. A copy of our booklet "Keep it Going" will help you. If not tell your dealer the symptoms and, if possible, take the set to his shop. If you simply can't find a dealer write to us. **Don't send your set unless we tell you to** — that's cheating and we shan't play!

*your Murphy dealer will see you through*

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

C.B.C. 160

**SOFTENING** to the toughest beard

**SMOOTHING** to the path of any razor

**SOOTHING** to the tenderest skin

1/6 & 2/6 *Inc. Tax.*



*Dispel* **weary tired** *feelings —with Phensic*

Try two tablets of Phensic with a little water! This is a wonderful tonic to weariness. Instantly effective, quite harmless, and very valuable indeed for removing the cause of that "over-tiredness" which so often prevents deep restful sleep. Get some Phensic now.

Two sizes only: 1/4 and 3/3 inc. Pur. Tax.

**Quickly! take some Phensic**

*Such a lovely complexion—*

**so delightfully fresh!**

**Deep-cleansing lather — that gives you personal freshness**

**Superior mildness — that guards the complexion***

* There's a special ingredient in Lifebuoy Toilet Soap that makes it extra mild and gentle in action

**LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP**

*3½d tablet — 1 coupon*

LST 602-9 '43

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